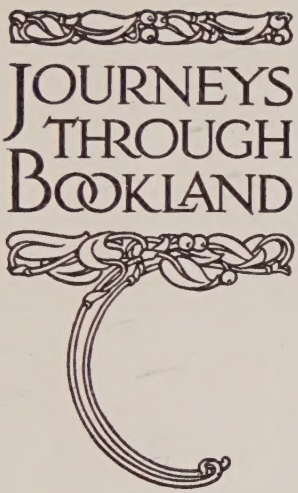
JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND

Journeys
Through
Bookland

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/journeysthroughb0005char_b5g4


JOURNEYS
THROUGH
BOOKLAND

He Turn'd his Face
And Kiss'd Her Climbing

Journeys Through Bookland

A New and Original Plan for Reading, Applied to the World's Best Literature for Children

BY

Charles H. Sylvester

AUTHOR OF *English and American Literature, Etc.*

VOLUME FIVE

BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY

CHICAGO

Copyright, 1909, by
CHARLES H. SYLVESTER.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE	*Sir Walter Scott*	1
THE DEATH OF HECTOR	*From Homer's Iliad*	47
THE WOODEN HORSE	*From Vergil's Æneid*	69
ULYSSES	*Adapted from the Odyssey*	86
JOHN BUNYAN		106
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS	*John Bunyan*	113
AWAY	*James Whitcomb Riley*	154
LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE		155
LITTLE BREECHES	*John Hay*	157
THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"	*W. S. Gilbert*	161
KATEY'S LETTER	*Lady Dufferin*	165
JONATHAN SWIFT		167
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS	*Jonathan Swift*	173
THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT	*Michael Drayton*	269
SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE PAST	*Grace E. Sellon*	275
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	*Cardinal Newman*	285
LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID	*James Whitcomb Riley*	286
KING ARTHUR		287
BALIN AND BALAN		304
GERAINT AND ENID	*Alfred Tennyson*	323
THE HOLY GRAIL	*Adapted from Thomas Malory*	386
DISSENSIONS AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT		412
THE PASSING OF ARTHUR	*Alfred Tennyson*	417
HENRY HUDSON'S FOURTH VOYAGE	*Henry R. Cleveland*	436
THE ARICKARA INDIANS	*Washington Irving*	463

For classification of selections, see the index at the end of Volume X.

ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
GERAINT AND ENID (Color Plate)	*Walter O Reese*, Frontispiece	
THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE (Halftone)	*Margaret Hittle*	4
REBECCA GOES TO THE WINDOW	*George Werveke*	9
ULRICA TAUNTS FRONT-DE-BOEUF	*George Werveke*	27
ULRICA LOCKS THE DOOR	*George Werveke*	30
HECTOR (Halftone)		50
HECTOR	*Eulalie B. Page*	54
JOVE LIFTS THE BALANCES	*Eulalie B. Page*	58
THE WOODEN HORSE	*Gertrude S. Spaller*	71
LAOCOÖN (Halftone)		80
THE DEATH OF LAOCOÖN	*Gertrude S. Spaller*	82
THE CYCLOPS	*Frank H. Young*	89
"I DEMAND YOUR BLOOD AND YOUR LIVES"	*George Werveke*	102
JOHN BUNYAN (Halftone)		106
HE LOOKED NOT BEHIND HIM	*Marion Miller*	117
IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND	*Marion Miller*	119
THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON	*Marion Miller*	129
IN DOUBTING CASTLE	*Marion Miller*	139
THE CELESTIAL CITY	*Marion Miller*	146
THERE SAT LITTLE BREECHES	*Burleigh Withers*	159
WEEDY AND LONG WAS HE	*Delos Nicholson*	162
JONATHAN SWIFT (Halftone)		168
GULLIVER'S JOURNEY TO THE METROPOLIS	*Harry L. Gage*	186
THE EMPEROR VISITS GULLIVER	*Harry L. Gage*	194
ADVENTURES IN LILLIPUT (Halftone)	*Harry L. Gage*	200
GULLIVER'S WATCH IS BORNE AWAY	*Harry L. Gage*	201
GULLIVER TAKES THE ENEMY'S FLEET	*Harry L. Gage*	212
GULLIVER BRINGS IN THE DRIFTING BOAT	*Harry L. Gage*	219
THE BABY SEIZES GULLIVER	*Beatrice Braidwood*	237
A GALE WITH THEIR FANS	*Beatrice Braidwood*	247
GULLIVER AND THE KING	*Beatrice Braidwood*	251
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT	*G. R. Wheeler*	270
CHILDREN WITH HORNBOOKS	*Mary Spoor*	277
KING ARTHUR (Halftone)		288
ARTHUR DRAWS THE SWORD	*Jessie Arms*	291
THE WEDDING OF ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE	*Jessie Arms*	294
MERLIN SAVES ARTHUR	*Jessie Arms*	300
ARTHUR RECEIVES EXCALIBUR	*Jessie Arms*	302
THE DAMSEL LET FALL HER MANTLE	*Jessie Arms*	305
THE FIGHT	*Jessie Arms*	319

PAGE

GERAINT HEARS ENID SINGING . . . . . *Jessie Arms* 334
GUINEVERE AND ENID . . . . . *Jessie Arms* 351
ENID LEADS THE WAY . . . . . *Jessie Arms* 353
ENID WATCHING BY GERAINT . . . . . *Jessie Arms* 375
SIR GALAHAD . . . . . *Jessie Arms* 398
THE HOLY GRAIL (Halftone) . . . . . *Mary Spoor* 402
THE SHIP APPROACHES THE CITY OF SARRAS . . *Jessie Arms* 408
THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE SANGREAL . . . *Jessie Arms* 410
THE BARGE MOVED FROM THE BRINK . . . . *Jessie Arms* 433
HENRY HUDSON'S FOURTH VOYAGE (Halftone), *Gordon Stevenson* 448
CUT ADRIFT . . . . . *H. R. Weld* 455
SAVAGES ON THE SHORE . . . . . *H. R. Weld* 459
TRADING FOR HORSES . . . . . *Burleigh Withers* 469
THE RETURN OF THE WARRIORS . . . . . *Burleigh Withers* 479

Title-page and halftone decorations by Mrs. Thomas Wood Stevens.

Initial letters, tailpieces and other decorations by Mrs. Thomas Wood Stevens, Frederick Grant and Miss Edith Virden.

THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE[1]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better, than he could have expected.

1. *The Attack on the Castle* is from Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*.

"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not.

The noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and

stairs which led to the various bartizans[2] and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half-whispering to herself, half-speaking to her companion, the sacred text—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is vain—it is vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless.

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be they join not battle."

2. A bartizan is a sort of small overhanging balcony, built for defense or for lookout.

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Ivanhoe, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard is but the distant muttering of the storm; it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will soon be a mark for the archers; some random shaft—"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca—dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime; do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations

REBECCA AT THE WINDOW

which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican[3] from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport[4] corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

3. A barbican is a tower or outwork built to defend the entry to a castle or fortification.

4. A sallyport is an underground passage from the outer to the inner fortifications.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt[5] azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come

5. These are terms in heraldry. Ivanhoe means that, since he is a prisoner, fetters and shackles would be good device for his shield.

on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!"[6] and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant De Bracy! Beau-seant! Beau-seant! Front-de-Bœuf a la rescousse!*"[7] according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts.[8] By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as

6. Saint George is the patron saint of England.

7. *En avant De Bracy* means *Forward, De Bracy. Beau-seant* is the name given to the black and white standard of the Knights Templars. The word was used as a battle cry. *A la rescousse* means *To the rescue.*

8. *Cloth-yard* was the name given to an old measure used for cloth, which differed somewhat from the modern yard. A *cloth-yard* shaft was an arrow a yard long.

hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain and several others wounded. But confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice,

REBECCA GOES TO THE WINDOW

sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see

how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not!—he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the

strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast Thou given men Thine own image that it

should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion: he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre,"[9] said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca—" it crashes—it is splintered by his blows —they rush in—the outwork is won. Oh God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye

9. *Saint John of Acre* was the full name of the Syrian town usually known as *Acre*. During the Crusade which the Christians of Europe undertook to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens, Acre was one of the chief points of contest. It was held first by one party, then by the other. Owing to this importance, it was natural that its name should come to be used as an exclamation.

be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"That bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed; few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do![10] A fetterlock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean? Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

10. *Derring-do* is an old word for *daring*, or *warlike deed.*

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie[11] him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize, since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to in-

11. *Assoilzie* is an old word for *absolve*.

flict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *melee*[12] is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?[13] What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled, of all the travail and pain you have endured, of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden—glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb, is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the in-

12. *Melee* is a French word meaning a *hand-to-hand conflict.*

13. Moloch was the fire-god of the ancient Ammonites, to whom human sacrifices were offered.

quiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight, impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor, raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! Why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection, the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of

the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight: until the God of Jacob shall raise up for His chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, imbittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked toward the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by

sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber."

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned toward it, fortifying, or endeavoring to fortify, her mind against the impending evils.

During the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Bracy held brief counsel together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the latter, who had superintended the defence of the fortress on the other side; "men say he hath been slain."

"He lives," said the Templar, coolly—"lives as yet; but had he worn the bull's head of which he bears the name,[14] and ten plates of iron to fence it withal, he must have gone down before yonder fatal axe. Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is with his fathers—a powerful limb lopped off Prince John's enterprise."[15]

"And a brave addition to the kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy; "this comes of reviling saints and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be flung down on the heads of these rascaille yeomen."

14. *Front-de-Bœuf* means *Bull's Head.*

15. Prince John was scheming to usurp the throne of England while King Richard, his brother, was absent on one of the Crusades.

"Go to, thou art a fool," said the Templar; "thy superstition is upon a level with Front-de-Bœuf's want of faith; neither of you can render a reason for your belief or unbelief. Let us think of making good the castle. How fought these villain yeoman on thy side?"

"Like fiends incarnate," said De Bracy. "They swarmed close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the knave who won the prize at the archery, for I knew his horn and baldric. Had I not been armed in proof, the villain had marked me down seven times with as little remorse as if I had been a buck in season. He told every rivet on my armor with a cloth-yard shaft, that rapped against my ribs with as little compunction as if my bones had been of iron. But that I wore a shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, I had been fairly sped."

"But you maintained your post?" said the Templar. "We lost the outwork on our part."

"That is a shrewd loss," said De Bracy; "the knaves will find cover there to assault the castle more closely, and may, if not well watched, gain some unguarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten window, and so break in upon us. Our numbers are too few for the defence of every point, and the men complain that they can nowhere show themselves, but they are the mark for as many arrows as a parish-butt on a holyday even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall receive no more aid from his bull's head and brutal strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better make a virtue of necessity,

and compound with the rogues by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How!" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our prisoners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and execration, as the doughty warriors who dared by a night attack to possess themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travelers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a vagabond troop of outlaws, led by swineherds, jesters, and the very refuse of mankind? Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de Bracy! The ruins of this castle shall bury both my body and my shame, ere I consent to such base and dishonorable composition."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy, carelessly; "that man never breathed, be he Turk or Templar, who held life at lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonor in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Free Companions? Oh, my brave lances! if ye knew but how hard your captain were this day bested, how soon should I see my banner at the head of your clump of spears! And how short while would these rabble villains stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain. They are chiefly Front-de-Bœuf's followers, hated by the English for a thousand acts of insolence and oppression."

"The better," said De Bracy; "the rugged slaves will defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, ere they encounter the revenge of

the peasants without. Let us up and be doing, then, Brian de Bois-Guilbert; and, live or die, thou shalt see Maurice de Bracy bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood and lineage."

"To the walls!" answered the Templar; and they both ascended the battlements to do all that skill could dictate, and manhood accomplish, in defence of the place. They readily agreed that the point of greatest danger was that opposite to the outwork of which the assailants had possessed themselves. The castle, indeed, was divided from that barbican by the moat, and it was impossible that the besiegers could assail the postern door, with which the outwork corresponded, without surmounting that obstacle; but it was the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy that the besiegers, if governed by the same policy their leader had already displayed, would endeavor, by a formidable assault, to draw the chief part of the defenders' observation to this point, and take measures to avail themselves of every negligence which might take place in the defence elsewhere. To guard against such an evil, their numbers only permitted the knights to place sentinels from space to space along the walls in communication with each other, who might give the alarm whenever danger was threatened. Meanwhile, they agreed that De Bracy should command the defence at the postern, and the Templar should keep with him a score of men or thereabouts as a body of reserve, ready to hasten to any other point which might be suddenly threatened. The loss of the

barbican had also this unfortunate effect, that notwithstanding the superior height of the castle walls, the besieged could not see from them, with the same precision as before, the operations of the enemy; for some straggling underwood approached so near the sallyport of the outwork that the assailants might introduce into it whatever force they thought proper, not only under cover, but even without the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly uncertain, therefore, upon what point the storm was to burst, De Bracy and his companion were under the necessity of providing against every possible contingency, and their followers, however brave, experienced the anxious dejection of mind incident to men inclosed by enemies, who possessed the power of choosing their time and mode of attack.

Meanwhile, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resource of bigots in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the crimes they were guilty of by liberality to the church, stupefying by this means their terrors by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which success thus purchased was no more like to the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance than the turbid stupefaction procured by opium resembles healthy and natural slumbers, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of awakened remorse. But among the vices of Front-de-Bœuf, a hard and griping man, avarice was predominant; and

he preferred setting church and churchmen at defiance to purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of manors. Nor did the Templar, an infidel of another stamp, justly characterize his associate when he said Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his unbelief and contempt for the established faith; for the baron would have alleged that the church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought, like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front-de-Bœuf preferred denying the virtue of the medicine to paying the expense of the physician.

But the moment had now arrived when earth and all his treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind, and his deathbed exhibited a mixture of the newly-awakened feelings of horror combating with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition—a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tremendous regions where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished!

"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the baron, "who set such price on their ghostly mummery? I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need

not to court or to bribe the false priest. But I—I dare not!"

"Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not?"

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there? what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night raven? Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be'st indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will blench from thee. By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me as I have done with mortal danger, Heaven or Hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the almost unearthly voice—"on rebellion, on rapine, on murder! Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his gray-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied

Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat! Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone; there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties, better men never laid lance in rest. And must I answer for the fault done by fifty? False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more. Let me die in peace if thou be mortal; if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with Heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens? The Saxon porkers whom I have slain—they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord. Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate. Art thou fled? art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the Author of Evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee! That secret I deemed locked

in my own breast, and in that of one besides—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt. Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed. Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straighted the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature. Go to her; she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder, of the dead; let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate Hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it. Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thy eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!"

"Vile, murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf—"detestable screech-owl! it is then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost

ULRICA TAUNTS FRONT-DE-BŒUF

by the name of Front-de-Bœuf! Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine: I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shalt thou never witness. Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong; she has betrayed us to the Saxon! Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant baron," said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon. But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands. Listen to these horrid sounds," for the din of the recommenced assault and defence now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; "in that war-cry is the downfall of thy house. The blood-cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf's power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most depised! The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls! Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength? Thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons. The war-cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honor, when we kindle the blazing beacon for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee body and bones."

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee. But no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know even now the doom which all thy power, strength and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee

by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapor which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber? Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes, the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing? No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause. Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it? By heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure, "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf! But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, parricide, farewell for ever! May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony, he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Maur! Clement and Giles! I burn here unaided! To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy! It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls! It is your master, ye traitor

ULRICA LOCKS THE DOOR

squires! Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights! All the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably! They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle. The smoke rolls thicker and thicker, the fire has caught upon the floor below. O, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation! The red fire flashes through the thick smoke! the demon marches against me under the banner of his own element. Foul

spirit, avoid! I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine that garrison these walls. Thinkest thou Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone? No; the infidel Templar, De Bracy, Ulrica, the men who aided my enterprises, the dog Saxons and accursed Jews who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road."

But it were impious to trace any further the picture of the blasphemer and parricide's deathbed.

When the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, the archer, requesting him at the same time to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden sally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost. This the knight was chiefly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men whom he led, being hasty and untrained volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed to discipline, must, upon any sudden attack, fight at great disadvantage with the veteran soldiers of the Norman knights, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the zeal and high spirit of the besiegers, had all the confidence which arises from perfect discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross

the moat, in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was a work of some time, which the leaders the less regretted, as it gave Ulrica leisure to execute her plan of diversion in their favor, whatever that might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers: "It avails not waiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west, and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft end-long over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the outwork, draw your bowstrings to your ears, and mind you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart. Noble Cedric, wilt thou take the direction of those which remain?"

"Not so!" said the Saxon; "lead I cannot; but may posterity curse me in my grave, if I follow not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point the way. The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Saxon," said the knight, "thou hast neither hauberk, nor corselet, nor aught but that light helmet, target, and sword."

"The better!" answered Cedric; "I shall be the lighter to climb these walls. And—forgive the boast, Sir Knight—thou shalt this day see the naked breast of a Saxon as boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel corselet of a Norman."

"In the name of God, then," said the knight, "fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sallyport in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterpoise still attached to the upper part of the portal. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly

shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the barbican.

The situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so but for the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of missiles which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. But their situation was eminently perilous, and was becoming more so with every moment.

"Shame on ye all!" cried De Bracy to the soldiers around him; "do ye call yourselves cross-bowmen, and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle? Heave over the coping stones from the battlement, an better may not be. Get pickaxe and levers, and down with that huge pinnacle!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone carved-work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag upon the angle of the tower, which Ulrica raised to show that she had fired the castle. The stout yeoman Locksley was the first who was aware of it, as he was hasting to the outwork, impatient to see the progress of the assault.

"Saint George!" he cried—"Merry Saint George for England! To the charge, bold yeomen! why leave ye the good knight and noble

Cedric to storm the pass alone? Make in, brave yeomen!—the castle is ours, we have friends within. See yonder flag, it is the appointed signal—Torquilstone is ours! Think of honor—think of spoil! One effort, and the place is ours!"

With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was loosening a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the hands of the dying man the iron crow with which he heaved at and had loosened the stone pinnacle, when, receiving an arrow through his headpiece, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armor seemed proof against the shot of this tremendous archer.

"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy. "Give me the lever!"

And, snatching it up, he again assailed the loosened pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to have sunk the rude float of planks over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thrice did his arrow bound back from the knight's armor of proof.

"Curse on thy Spanish steel-coat!" said

Locksley, "had English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through, as if it had been silk or sendal." He then began to call out, "Comrades! friends! noble Cedric! bear back and let the ruin fall."

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the postern would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The faithful Gurth indeed sprung forward on the planked bridge, to warn Cedric of his impending fate, or to share it with him. But his warning would have come too late; the massive pinnacle already tottered, and De Bracy, who still heaved at his task, would have accomplished it had not the voice of the Templar sounded close in his ear:

"All is lost, De Bracy; the castle burns."

"Thou art mad to say so!" replied the knight.

"It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it."

With the stern coolness which formed the basis of his character, Brian de Bois-Guilbert communicated this hideous intelligence, which was not so calmly received by his astonished comrade.

"Saints of Paradise!" said De Bracy; "what is to be done?"

"Lead thy men down," said the Templar, "as if to a sally; throw the postern gate open. There are but two men who occupy the float, fling them into the moat, and push across for the barbican. I will charge from the main gate, and attack the barbican on the outside; and if we can regain that post, be assured we shall defend ourselves

until we are relieved, or at least till they grant us fair quarter."

"It is well thought upon," said De Bracy; "I will play my part. Templar, thou wilt not fail me?"

"Hand and glove, I will not!" said Bois-Guilbert. "But haste thee, in the name of God!"

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the portentous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"Dogs!" said De Bracy, "will ye let *two* men win our only pass for safety?"

"He is the devil!" said a veteran man-at-arms, bearing back from the blows of their sable antagonist.

"And if he be the devil," replied De Bracy, "would you fly from him into the mouth of hell? The castle burns behind us, villains!—let despair give you courage, or let me forward! I will cope with this champion myself."

And well and chivalrous did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the civil wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passage to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two redoubted champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his

ponderous axe. At length the Norman received a blow which, though its force was partly parried by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have again moved limb, descended yet with such violence on his crest that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield thee, De Bracy," said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the bars of his helmet the fatal poniard with which the knights despatched their enemies, and which was called the dagger of mercy—"Yield thee, Maurice De Bracy, rescue or no rescue, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy, faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me; it shall never be said that Maurice De Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.[16]

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of determined obstinacy for one of deep though sullen submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

16. The Black Knight is Richard the Lion-Hearted, king of England, who has returned from the Crusades to reclaim his throne from his usurping brother.

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight—"prisoner, and perish! The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed. Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment. Wilt thou not accept my guidance?" he added in a submissive voice.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

During this combat and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, had pushed across the bridge as soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some asked quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled toward the courtyard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He trusts me not!" he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbican, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire augmented, symptoms of it became soon apparent in the chamber where Ivanhoe was watched and tended by the Jewess Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack, was for some time prevented

from observing either by the increase of the smouldering and stifling vapor. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment, the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca—"it burns! What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I had not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments resisted the progress of the flames, and there the rage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere; for the besiegers pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and satiated in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Bœuf. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost; few of them asked quarter; none received it. The air was filled with groans and clashing of arms; the floors were slippery with

the blood of despairing and expiring wretches.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the *melee*, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the barbican, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the flames. This accomplished, the loyal Cedric hastened in quest of his friend Athelstane, determined, at every risk to himself, to save that last scion of Saxon royalty. But ere Cedric penetrated as far as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the inventive genius of Wamba the Jester had procured liberation for himself and his companion in adversity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it was at the hottest, the Jester began to shout, with the utmost power of his lungs, "Saint George and the dragon! Bonny Saint George for merry England! The castle is won!" And these sounds he rendered yet more fearful by banging against each other two or three pieces of rusty armor which lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer or ante-room, and whose spirits were already in a state of alarm, took fright at Wamba's clamor

and, leaving the door open behind them, ran to tell the Templar that foemen had entered the old hall. Meantime the prisoners found no difficulty in making their escape into the anteroom, and from thence into the court of the castle, which was now the last scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison both on horse and foot, who had united their strength to that of this renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of safety and retreat which remained to them. The drawbridge had been lowered by his orders, but the passage was beset; for the archers, who had hitherto only annoyed the castle on that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison as to secure their own share of booty ere the castle should be burned down. On the other hand, a party of the besiegers, who had entered by the postern, were now issuing out into the courtyard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus assaulted on both sides at once. Animated, however, by despair, and supported by the example of their indomitable leader, the remaining soldiers of the castle fought with the utmost valor; and, being well armed, succeeded more than once in driving back the assailants, though much inferior in numbers.

Athelstane, who was slothful, but not cowardly, beheld the Templar.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "yonder over-proud knight shall die by my hand!"

"Think what you do!" cried Wamba; "hasty hand catches frog for fish. Ye may be leader, but I will be no follower; no bones of mine shall be broken. And you without armor too! Bethink you, silk bonnet never kept out steel blade. Nay, then, if wilful will to water, wilful must drench. *Deus vobiscum*,[17] most doughty Athelstane!" he concluded, loosening the hold which he had hitherto kept upon the Saxon's tunic.

To snatch a mace from the pavement, on which it lay beside one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it, to rush on the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstane's great strength, now animated with unusual fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! turn, limb of a band of murdering and hypocritical robbers!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy order of the Temple of Zion;" and with these words, half-wheeling his steed, he made a demi-courbette toward the Saxon, and rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the horse, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane.

"Well," said Wamba, "that silken bonnet

17. *Deus vobiscum* means *God be with you.*

keeps out no steel blade!" So trenchant was the Templar's weapon, that it shore asunder, as it had been a willow-twig, the tough and plaited handle of the mace, which the ill-fated Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

"*Ha! Beau-seant!*" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be it to the maligners of the Temple knights!" Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bracy might have been in possession.

"De Bracy! De Bracy!" he shouted, "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bracy, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I rescue thee?" cried Bois-Guilbert.

"No," replied De Bracy; "I have rendered me, rescue or no rescue. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself; there are hawks abroad. Put the seas betwixt you and England; I dare not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "an thou wilt

tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove. Be the hawks where they will, methinks the walls of the preceptory of Templestowe will be cover sufficient, and thither will I, like heron to her haunt."

Having thus spoken, he galloped off with his followers.

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters who spin and abridge the thread of human life.

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbor-

ing wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard—"Shout, yeomen! the den of tyrants is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the trysting-tree in the Harthill Walk; for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own bands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

FROM HOMER'S ILIAD[1]

NOTE,—Of all the mythical or half-mythical events which the ancient Greeks believed formed a part of their early history, there is none about which more stories have grown up than the Trojan War. According to the Greek belief, this struggle took place somewhere in the twelfth century B. C., but it now seems entirely likely that there was really no such contest, and that the stories told about it were but myths. However, that does not in the least lessen our interest in those stories.

To the marriage of Peleus with the sea-nymph Thetis, all the gods were invited except Eris, or Discord, who, angered at the slight, determined to have vengeance. She took, therefore, a most beautiful golden apple on which were inscribed the words *For the Fairest*, and tossed it into the midst of the merry wedding party. Instantly a dispute arose, Juno, queen of the gods, Minerva, goddess of wisdom, and Venus, goddess of love and beauty, each claiming the fruit. Finally it was decided to leave

1. One of the greatest poems that has ever been written is the *Iliad*, an epic of great length dealing with the siege of Troy. The author is generally considered to be the old Greek poet and singer Homer, although some authorities believe that the poem was not all written by any one man.

The selection from the *Iliad* which is given here is from the translation by Alexander Pope. The passage has been abridged somewhat.

the choice to an impartial judge, and Paris, son of Priam, the old king of Troy, was chosen.

Paris was utterly ignorant of the fact that he was the son of the king, having been banished from his home in his infancy because a prophecy had foretold that he should bring about the destruction of his native city. Rescued and brought up by a shepherd, he lived a simple shepherd's life on Mount Ida with the beautiful nymph Œnone, his wife. Naturally Paris was very proud of being selected as judge of beauty by the three goddesses, and hid Œnone among the bushes that she might watch him performing this high office.

When the three radiant goddesses stood before him he was overcome with the difficulty of his task, and each of the three attempted to help him out by offering a bribe. Juno offered prosperity through life, Minerva wisdom and influence, but Venus, smiling slyly, promised him the love of the most beautiful woman in the world. Moved not by this bribe, but by the unsurpassable beauty of Venus, Paris awarded her the apple, and thus gained for himself and for his people the hatred of Juno and Minerva.

Later Paris was received back into his father's palace, and was sent on an embassy to the home of Menelaus, king of Sparta, in Greece. While at the home of Menelaus, Paris fell in love with Helen, the wife of his host, the most beautiful woman in the world, and persuaded her to return to Troy with him.

Thoroughly roused, Menelaus sought the aid

of the other Grecian kings in his attempt to get back his wife and punish the Trojans for the treachery of their prince, and a huge expedition under the command of Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, set out for Troy. Large as the Grecian army was, however, it could make no immediate head against the Trojans, and for nine years it encamped outside the city of Troy, attempting to bring about its downfall. Battles and contests between single champions were frequent, but neither side seemed able to win any permanent victory.

Achilles was the bravest and strongest of the Grecian heroes, and all looked to him as the man through whom success must come. However, he became angered at Agamemnon and withdrew from the contest, and victory seemed about to fall to the Trojans. One day Patroclus, the friend and kinsman of Achilles, distressed at the Greek fortunes, begged of Achilles his armor, and at the head of Achilles's own men, went forth to do battle with the Trojans. He was slain by Hector, the son of Priam, the bravest of the Trojan defenders, and in anger at his friend's death, Achilles returned to the conflict. A battle was waged outside the city, and owing to the prowess of Achilles, matters looked badly for the Trojans.

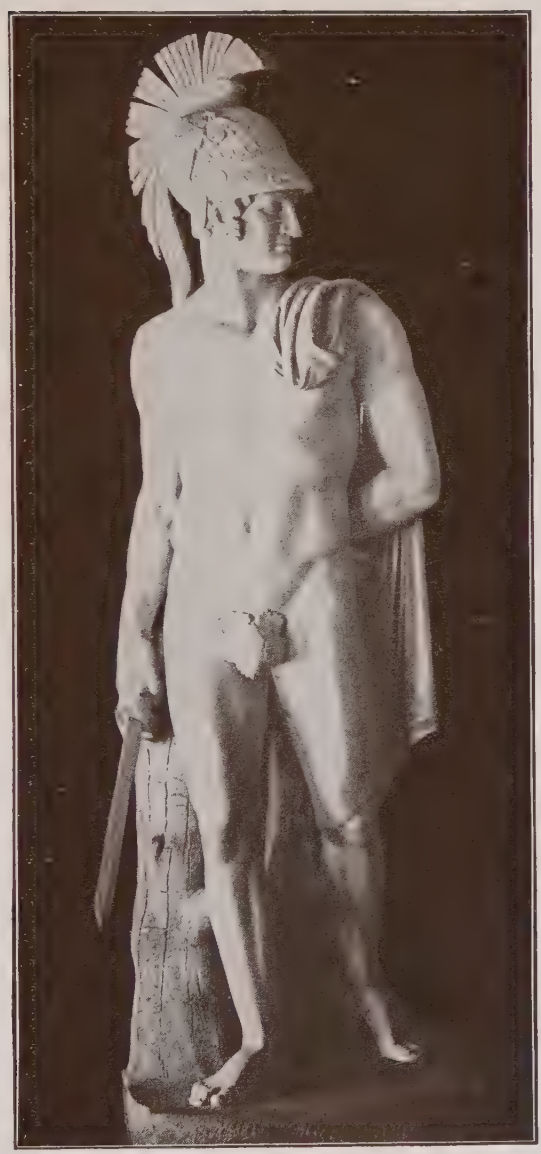
Apollo, god of light, who favored the Trojans, took upon himself the form of a Trojan warrior, and by appearing to flee, drew Achilles after him, and thus allowed the Trojans to gain the shelter of the city walls. The selection from

the *Iliad* given here begins just as Apollo throws off his disguise and admits his identity to Achilles.

HUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians[2] rush like driven deer:
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labors of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd: chain'd down by fate
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determined to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tired Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns):
"And what" he cries, "has Peleus'[3] son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labor, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

2. *Ilium*, or *Ilion*, was another name for Troy, and the Ilians were the Trojans.

3. Achilles was the son of Peleus and the sea-nymph Thetis.



HECTOR, by CANOVA

The chief incensed—"Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along,
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardor flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam[4] first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog[5] (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests[6] the skies;
He calls his much-loved son with feeble cries:
The son, resolved Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects[7] the war;

4. Priam was the old king of Troy, father of Hector.

5. *Orion's dog* means Sirius, the dog star, which was believed by the ancients to be a star of very bad omen.

6. *Obtests* means *entreats.*

7. *Expects* here means *awaits.*

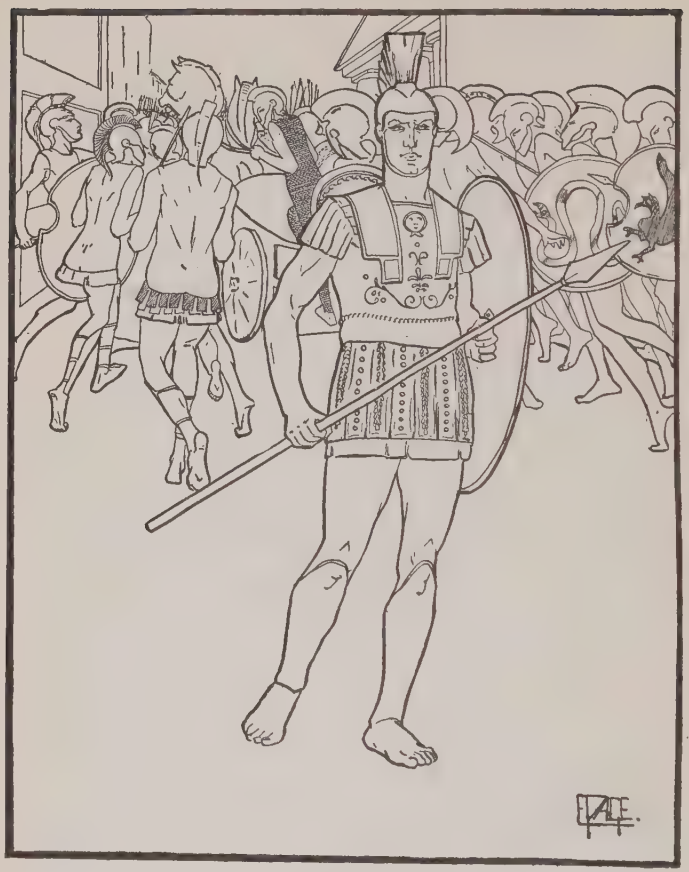
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
"Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my loved, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy cursed arm destroy'd,
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I? unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet cursed with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
Who dies in youth and vigor, dies the best.
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the
breast.

But when the Fates[8] in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm:
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel! man, fated to be cursed!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart.
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamors at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe."
So they,[9] while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.[10]

8. The Fates were thought of by the ancient peoples as three old women, who spun the thread of human life, twisted it, and cut it off whenever they thought it was long enough.

9. The word *spoke* is omitted here.

10. Homer is famous for such comparisons as these. If you ever



HECTOR

Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honor and shame the ungenerous thought recall:

come across the term "Homeric simile," you may know that it means such a long, carefully worked out comparison as this.

Shall proud Polydamas[11] before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obeyed too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall."
Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian[12] javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendor shone,
Like Jove's own lightning, o'er the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise;
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aërial way,

11. Polydamas, a Trojan hero and a friend of Hector's, had previously advised prudence and retreat within the wall.

12. *Pelian* is an adjective formed from *Peleus*, the name of the father of Achilles.

With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right[13] the rapid chase they held,
One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd:
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's[14] double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations streaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows:
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polished bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.[15]
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might):
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day:
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife):
The prize contended was great Hector's life.

13. *Fore-right* means *straight forward.*

14. The Scamander was a famous river that flowed near the city of Troy. According to the *Iliad*, its source was two springs, one a cold and one a hot spring.

15. It was not, in these very ancient times, thought beneath the dignity of even a princess to wash her linen in some clear river or spring

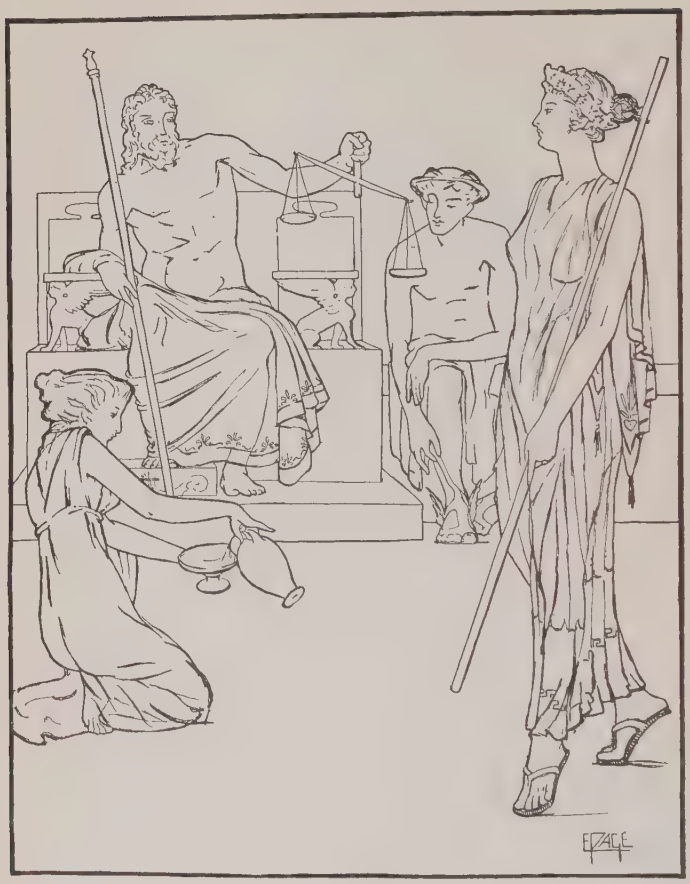
As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honor of the mighty dead;[16]
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the raised spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky.[17]
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapor[18] in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan[19] gates he bends,
And hopes the assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake;

16. The favorite way, among the ancients, of doing honor to a man after his death was to hold a sort of a funeral festival, where contests in running, wrestling, boxing, and other feats of strength and skill were held.

17. The gods play a very important part in the *Iliad*. Sometimes, as here, they simply watch the struggle from their home above Olympus; sometimes, as in the first lines of this selection, they actually descend to the battlefield and take part in the contest.

18. *Vapor* here means *scent*.

19. *Dardan* is an old word for *Trojan*.



JOVE LIFTS THE BALANCES

No less the laboring heroes pant and strain:
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
What god, O Muse,[20] assisted Hector's force
With fate itself so long to hold the course?

20. The Muses were nine sister goddesses who inspired poetry and music. No ancient Greek poet ever undertook to write without first

Phœbus[21] it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honors of the day.
Jove[22] lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva[23] flies
To stern Pelides,[24] and triumphing, cries:
"O loved of Jove! this day our labors cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece
Great Hector falls; that Hector famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.[25]

---

seeking the aid of the Muse who presided over the particular kind of poetry that he was writing. Homer here addresses Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry.

21. Phœbus is Apollo, whom at the opening of this selection we found aiding Hector by misleading Achilles.

22. Jove, or Jupiter, was the king of gods and men.

23. Minerva, goddess of wisdom, was the special protector of the Greeks. Throughout the struggle she was anxious to take part against the Trojans, but much of the time Jupiter would not let her fight; he allowed her merely to advise.

24. The ending—*ides* means *son of*. Thus *Pelides* means *son of Peleus*.

25. The *god of light* was Apollo.

See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove;
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclined.
While like Deïphobus[26] the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba[27] to Priam bore,
Long tried, long loved: much loved, but honor'd more!
Since you, of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess:[28] "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly;

26. Deiphobus was one of the brothers of Hector. Minerva assumes his form, and deceives Hector into thinking that his brother has come to aid him.

27. *Hecuba* was the name of Hector's mother.

28. *Spoke*, or *said*, is understood here.

Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before:
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke:
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke;
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow)!
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonor shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjured I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."[29]
"Talk not of oaths" (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,

29. It meant more to an ancient Greek to have his body given up to his family, that it might be buried with proper rites, than it does to a modern soldier, for the Greeks believed that the soul could not find rest until the body was properly buried. This makes the refusal of Achilles to agree to Hector's request seem all the more cruel.

To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancor and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then my forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'Tis Pallas,[30] Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost, by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,
Or[31] what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die.
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.

30. *Pallas* was another name for Minerva.
31. *Or* is here used instead of *either*.

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
heart."

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly[32] shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear—
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh:
"'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceived me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succor from above.
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,[33]
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird,[34] high balanced in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares:
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears

32. The armor of Achilles had been made for him by Vulcan, god of fire.

33. This reference is to Apollo.

34. The eagle was sacred to Jove.

Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!):
And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper[35] shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus[36] lately wore
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stayed,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
Forever honor'd, and forever mourn'd:

35. *Hesper* was the old name for Venus, the evening star, the brightest of the planets.

36. Patroclus was the friend of Achilles, whom Hector had killed. Hector had, after the usual custom, taken possession of the armor of Patroclus, which had originally belonged to Achilles.

While cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."
Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe:
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accursed!" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes);
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer,
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies[37] that relentless breast have steel'd,
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;

37. The Furies were three hideous sisters who sometimes drove people mad with rage and remorse.

Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scæan gate."
He ceased. The Fates suppress'd his laboring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies.
"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee."—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size;
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How changed that Hector, who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fallen already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers

Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death hath seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonor'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous[38] ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonor'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

38. *Nervous* here means *strong, sinewy.*

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerable gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans.
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.

THE WOODEN HORSE

FROM VERGIL'S ÆNEID

NOTE,—As the *Iliad* is the greatest of Greek poems, so the *Æneid* is the greatest of Latin poems. It was written by Vergil, who lived in the first century B. C., and is one of the classics which every one who studies Latin takes up. References to it are almost as frequent in literature as are references to the *Iliad*, to which it is closely related. The translation from which this selection of the *Wooden Horse* is taken is by John Conington.

The *Iliad* deals with the Trojan War (see introductory note to *Death of Hector*, page 47), while the *Æneid* deals with the wanderings of a Trojan hero after the fall of his city. Æneas, from whom the *Æneid* takes its name, was the son of Anchises and Venus, goddess of love, and was one of the bravest of the Trojan heroes; indeed, he was second only to Hector.

When Troy was taken by the stratagem which Æneas describes in this selection, he set sail with numerous followers for Italy, where fate had ordained that he should found a great nation. Juno, however, who hated the Trojans, drove the hero from his course, and brought upon him many sufferings. At last in his wanderings he came to the northern shore of Africa, where he found a great city, Carthage. Dido, queen of

the Carthaginians, received Æneas hospitably, and had prepared for him a great feast, at the conclusion of which she besought him to relate to her the story of the fall of Troy. Æneas objected at first, as he feared he could not endure the pain which the recital would give him, but in the end he complied with her request.

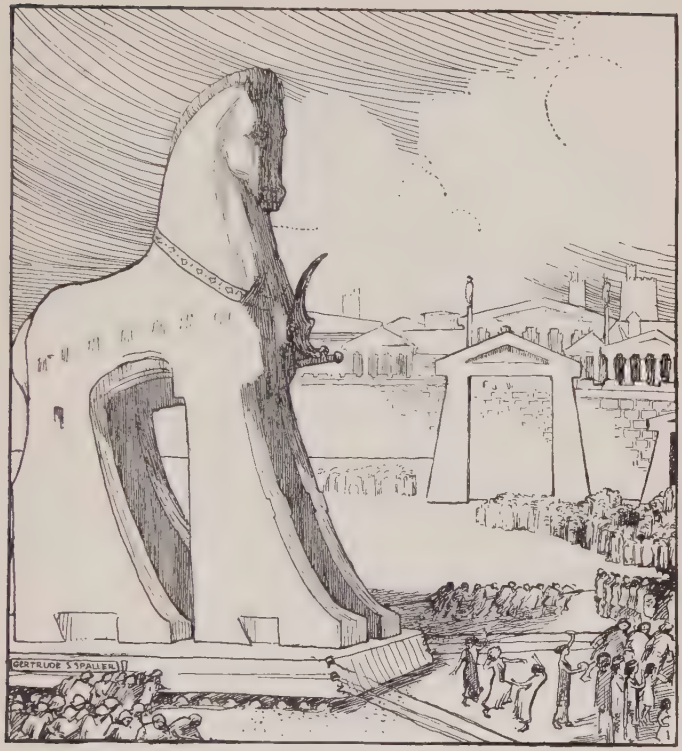
The following selection gives the account of the stratagem by which the Greeks, after their ten years' siege, finally took Troy.

WORN down by wars,
Long beating 'gainst Fate's dungeon-bars,
As year kept chasing year,[1]
The Danaan[2] chiefs, with cunning given
By Pallas,[3] mountain-high to heaven
A giant horse uprear,
And with compacted beams of pine
The texture of its ribs entwine.
A vow for their return they feign:
So runs the tale, and spreads amain.
There in the monster's cavernous side
Huge frames of chosen chiefs they hide,

1. The Greeks besieged Troy, or Ilium, for nine years without making much head against it, and in the tenth year succeeded in taking the city only by fraud, which Æneas here describes.

2. *Danaans* is a poetical name for the Greeks.

3. Pallas was Minerva, daughter of Jupiter, and one of the most powerful of the goddesses. She favored the Greeks, and longed to take their part against the Trojans, but was forbidden by Jupiter to aid them in any way except by advising them.



THE WOODEN HORSE

And steel-clad soldiery finds room
Within that death-producing womb.

An isle there lies in Ilium's sight,
And Tenedos its name,
While Priam's fortune yet was bright,
Known for its wealth to fame:
Now all has dwindled to a bay,
Where ships in treacherous shelter stay.
Thither they sail, and hide their host

Along its desolated coast.
We thought them to Mycenæ[4] flown,
And rescued Troy forgets to groan.
Wide stand the gates: what joy to go
The Dorian camp to see,
The land disburthened of the foe,
The shore from vessels free!
There pitched Thessalia's squadron, there
Achilles' tent was set:
There, drawn on land, their navies were,
And there the battle met.
Some on Minerva's offering gaze,
And view its bulk with strange amaze:
And first Thymœtes loudly calls
To drag the steed within our walls,
Or by suggestion from the foe,
Or Troy's ill fate had willed it so.
But Capys and the wiser kind
Surmised the snare that lurked behind:
To drown it in the whelming tide,
Or set the fire-brand to its side,
Their sentence is: or else to bore
Its caverns, and their depths explore.
In wild confusion sways the crowd:
Each takes his side and all are loud.

Girt with a throng of Ilium's sons,
Down from the tower Laocoön runs,
And, "Wretched countrymen," he cries,
"What monstrous madness blinds your eyes?

4. Mycenæ was the capital city of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

Think you your enemies removed?
Come presents without wrong
From Danaans? have you thus approved
Ulysses,[5] known so long?
Perchance—who knows?—the bulk we see
Conceals a Grecian enemy,
Or 'tis a pile to o'erlook the town,
And pour from high invaders down,
Or fraud lurks somewhere to destroy:
Mistrust, mistrust it, men of Troy!
Whate'er it be, a Greek I fear,
Though presents in his hand he bear."
He spoke, and with his arm's full force
Straight at the belly of the horse
His mighty spear he cast:
Quivering it stood: the sharp rebound
Shook the huge monster; and a sound
Through all its caverns passed.
And then, had fate our weal designed
Nor given us a perverted mind,
Then had he moved us to deface
The Greeks' accursed lurking-place,
And Troy had been abiding still,
And Priam's tower yet crowned the hill.

Now Dardan[6] swains before the king
With clamorous demonstration bring,
His hands fast bound, a youth unknown,
Across their casual pathway thrown
By cunning purpose of his own,

5. Ulysses was the craftiest of the Greeks, the man to whom they appealed when in need of wise advice.

6. The Trojans were called *Dardans*, from Dardanus, the founder of Troy.

If so his simulated speech
For Greece the walls of Troy might breach,
Nerved by strong courage to defy
The worst, and gain his end or die.
The curious Trojans round him flock,
With rival zeal a foe to mock.
Now listen while my tongue declares
The tale you ask of Danaan snares,
And gather from a single charge
Their catalogue of crimes at large.
There as he stands, confused, unarmed,
Like helpless innocence alarmed,
His wistful eyes on all sides throws,
And sees that all around are foes.
"What land," he cries, "what sea is left,
To hold a wretch of country reft,
Driven out from Greece while savage Troy
Demands my blood with clamorous joy?"
That anguish put our rage to flight,
And stayed each hand in act to smite:
We bid him name and race declare,
And say why Troy her prize should spare.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied:

"Truth, gracious king, is all I speak,
And first I own my nation Greek:
No; Sinon may be Fortune's slave;
She shall not make him liar or knave.
If haply to your ears e'er came
Belidan Palamedes'[7] name,
Borne by the tearful voice of Fame,

7. It was Palamedes who induced Ulysses to join in the expedition

Whom erst, by false impeachment sped,
Maligned because for peace he pled,
Greece gave to death, now mourns him dead,—
His kinsman I, while yet a boy,
Sent by a needy sire to Troy.
While he yet stood in kingly state,
'Mid brother kings in council great,
I too had power: but when he died,
By false Ulysses' spite belied
(The tale is known), from that proud height
I sank to wretchedness and night,
And brooded in my dolorous gloom
On that my guiltless kinsman's doom.
Not all in silence; no, I swore,
Should Fortune bring me home once more,
My vengeance should redress his fate,
And speech engendered cankerous hate.
Thence dates my fall: Ulysses thence
Still scared me with some fresh pretence,
With chance-dropt words the people fired,
Sought means of hurt, intrigued, conspired.
Nor did the glow of hatred cool,
Till, wielding Calchas[8] as his tool—
But why a tedious tale repeat,
To stay you from your morsel sweet?

against Troy. Preferring to remain at home with his wife Penelope and his infant son Telemachus, Ulysses pretended madness, and Palamedes, when he came to beg for his aid, found him plowing up the seashore and sowing it with salt. Palamedes was quite certain that the madness was feigned, and to test it, set Telemachus in front of the plow. By turning aside his plow, Ulysses showed that he was really sane. Later Palamedes lost favor with the Grecian leaders because he urged them to give up the struggle and return home.

8. Calchas was the most famous of the Grecian sooth-sayers or prophets. They never began any important operations until Calchas had first been consulted and had told them what was the will of the gods.

If all are equal, Greek and Greek,
Enough: your tardy vengeance wreak.
My death will Ithacus[9] delight,
And Atreus'[10] sons the boon requite."

We press, we yearn the truth to know,
Nor dream how doubly base our foe:
He, faltering still and overawed,
Takes up the unfinished web of fraud.
"Oft had we planned to leave your shore,
Nor tempt the weary conflict more.
O, had we done it! sea and sky
Scared us as oft, in act to fly:
But chiefly when completed stood
This horse, compact of maple wood,
Fierce thunders, pealing in our ears,
Proclaimed the turmoil of the spheres.
Perplexed, Eurypylus we send
To question what the fates portend,
And he from Phœbus'[11] awful shrine
Brings back the words of doom divine:
'With blood ye pacified the gales,
E'en with a virgin slain,[12]
When first ye Danaans spread your sails,
The shores of Troy to gain:

9. *Ithacus* is a name given to Ulysses, who was from Ithaca.

10. The sons of Atreus were Agamemnon, leader of the Grecians, and Menelaus, King of Sparta, the theft of whose wife, Helen, was the cause of the Trojan War.

11. Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun and of prophecy.

12. When the Greeks set out for Troy, their ships were becalmed at Aulis, in Bœotia. Calchas consulted the signs and declared that the delay was caused by the huntress-goddess Diana, who was angry at Agamemnon for killing one of her sacred stags. Only by the death of Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, could the wrathful goddess be

With blood ye your return must buy:
A Greek must at the altar die.'
That sentence reached the public ear,
And bred the dull amaze of fear:
Through every heart a shudder ran,
'Apollo's victim—who the man?'
Ulysses, turbulent and loud,
Drags Calchas forth before the crowd,
And questions what the immortals mean,
Which way these dubious beckonings lean:
E'en then were some discerned my foe,
And silent watch the coming blow.
Ten days the seer, with bated breath,
Restrained the utterance big with death:
O'erborne at last, the word agreed
He speaks, and destines me to bleed.
All gave a sigh, as men set free,
And hailed the doom, content to see
The bolt that threatened each alike
One solitary victim strike.
The death-day came: the priests prepare
Salt cakes, and fillets for my hair;
I fled, I own it, from the knife,
I broke my bands and ran for life,
And in a marish lay that night,
While they should sail, if sail they might.
No longer have I hope, ah me!
My ancient fatherland to see,

placated. The maiden was sent for, the messengers telling her that she was to be married to Achilles on her arrival at Aulis; but when she reached the place she was slain by the priest at Diana's altar. According to another version of the story, Iphigenia was not put to death, but was snatched up by Diana and conveyed to Tauris, where she served as priestess in Diana's temple.

Or look on those my eyes desire,
My darling sons, my gray-haired sire:
Perhaps my butchers may requite
On their dear heads my traitorous flight
And make their wretched lives atone
For this, the single crime I own.
O, by the gods, who all things view,
And know the false man from the true,
By sacred Faith, if Faith remain
With mortal men preserved from stain,
Show grace to innocence forlorn,
Show grace to woes unduly borne!"

Moved by his tears, we let him live,
And pity crowns the boon we give:
King Priam bids unloose his cords,
And soothes the wretch with kindly words:
"Whoe'er you are, henceforth resign
All thought of Greece: be Troy's and mine:
Now tell me truth, for what intent
This fabric of the horse was meant;
An offering to your heavenly liege?
An engine for assault or siege?"
Then, schooled in all Pelasgian[13] shifts,
His unbound hands to heaven he lifts:
"Ye slumberless, inviolate fires,
And the dread awe your name inspires!
Ye murderous altars, which I fled!
Ye fillets that adorned my head!
Bear witness, and behold me free
To break my Grecian fealty;

13. *Pelasgian* means *Grecian*. The name is derived from that of Pelasgus, an early Greek hero. By all peoples with whom they came in

To hate the Greeks, and bring to light
The counsels they would hide in night,
Unchecked by all that once could bind,
All claims of country or of kind.
Thou, Troy, remember ne'er to swerve,
Preserved thyself, thy faith preserve,
If true the story I relate,
If these, my prompt returns, be great.

"The warlike hopes of Greece were stayed,
E'en from the first, on Pallas' aid:
But since Tydides,[14] impious man,
And foul Ulysses, born to plan,
Dragged with red hands, the sentry slain,
Her fateful image[15] from your fane,
Her chaste locks touched, and stained with gore
The virgin coronal she wore,
Thenceforth the tide of fortune changed,
And Greece grew weak, her queen[16] estranged.
Nor dubious were the signs of ill
That showed the goddess' altered will.
The image scarce in camp was set,
Out burst big drops of saltest sweat

contact the Greeks were regarded as a deceitful, double-dealing nation.

14. *Tydides* was Diomedes, son of Tydeus. The termination *—ides* means *son of;* thus the *Atrides* are the sons of Atreus, and *Pelides* is Achilles, son of Peleus.

15. There was in a temple of Troy an image of Minerva, or Pallas, called the *palladium,* which was supposed to have fallen from the sky. The Greeks learned of a prophecy which declared that Troy could never be taken while the palladium remained within its walls, and Ulysses and Diomedes were entrusted with the task of stealing it. In disguise they entered the city one night, procured the sacred image, and bore it off to the Grecian camp.

16. Minerva, who was supposedly angered at the desecration of her statue.

O'er all her limbs: her eyes upraised
With minatory lightnings blazed;
And thrice untouched from earth she sprang
With quivering spear and buckler's clang.
'Back o'er the ocean!' Calchas cries:
'We shall not make Troy's town our prize,
Unless at Argos' sacred seat
Our former omens we repeat,
And bring once more the grace we brought
When first these shores our navy sought.'
So now for Greece they cross the wave,
Fresh blessings on their arms to crave,
Thence to return, so Calchas rules,
Unlooked for, ere your wonder cools.
Premonished first, this frame they planned
In your Palladium's stead to stand,
An image for an image given
To pacify offended Heaven.
But Calchas bade them rear it high
With timbers mounting to the sky,
That none might drag within the gate
This new Palladium of your state.
For, said he, if your hands profaned
The gift for Pallas' self ordained,
Dire havoc—grant, ye powers, that first
That fate be his!—on Troy should burst:
But if, in glad procession haled
By those your hands, your walls it scaled,
Then Asia should our homes invade,
And unborn captives mourn the raid."

Such tale of pity, aptly feigned,
Our credence for the perjurer gained,

LAOCOÖN—VATICAN

And tears, wrung out from fraudful eyes,
Made us, e'en us, a villain's prize,
'Gainst whom not valiant Diomede,
Nor Peleus' Larissæan[17] seed,
Nor ten years' fighting could prevail,
Nor navies of a thousand sail.

But ghastlier portents lay behind,
Our unprophetic souls to bind.
Laocoön, named as Neptune's priest,
Was offering up the victim beast,
When lo! from Tenedos—I quail,
E'en now, at telling of the tale—
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide,
And shoreward through the stillness glide.
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
And toss on high their sanguine crests:
The hind part coils along the deep,
And undulates with sinuous sweep.
The lashed spray echoes: now they reach
The inland belted by the beach,
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,
Dart their forked tongues, and hiss for ire.
We fly distraught: unswerving they
Toward Laocoön hold their way;
First round his two young sons they wreathe,
And grind their limbs with savage teeth:
Then, as with arms he comes to aid,
The wretched father they invade
And twine in giant folds: twice round
His stalwart waist their spires are wound,

17. Achilles. Larissa was a town in Thessaly, of which Peleus, the father of Achilles, was king.

THE DEATH OF LAOCOÖN

Twice round his neck, while over all
Their heads and crests tower high and tall.
He strains his strength their knots to tear,[18]
While gore and slime his fillets smear,

18. The death of Laocoön and his sons has always been a favorite subject in art and in poetry. There is in the Vatican a famous sculpture, showing the three in the coils of the serpents.

And to the unregardful skies
Sends up his agonizing cries:
A wounded bull such moaning makes,
When from his neck the axe he shakes,
Ill-aimed, and from the altar breaks.
The twin destroyers take their flight
To Pallas' temple on the height;
There by the goddess' feet concealed
They lie, and nestle 'neath her shield.
At once through Ilium's hapless sons
A shock of feverous horror runs:
All in Laocoön's death-pangs read
The just requital of his deed,
Who dared to harm with impious stroke
Those ribs of consecrated oak.
"The image to its fane!" they cry:
"So soothe the offended deity."
Each in the labour claims his share:
The walls are breached, the town laid bare:
Wheels 'neath its feet are fixed to glide,
And round its neck stout ropes are tied:
So climbs our wall that shape of doom,
With battle quickening in its womb,
While youths and maidens sing glad songs,
And joy to touch the harness-thongs.
It comes, and, glancing terror down,
Sweeps through the bosom of the town.
O Ilium, city of my love!
O warlike home of powers above!
Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed:
Four times the armour clashed and brayed.
Yet on we press with passion blind,
All forethought blotted from our mind,

Till the dread monster we install
Within the temple's tower-built wall.
E'en then Cassandra's[19] prescient voice
Forewarned us of our fatal choice—
That prescient voice, which Heaven decreed
No son of Troy should hear and heed.
We, careless souls, the city through,
With festal boughs the fanes bestrew,
And in such revelry employ
The last, last day should shine on Troy.

Meantime Heaven shifts from light to gloom,
And night ascends from Ocean's womb,
Involving in her shadow broad
Earth, sky, and Myrmidonian[20] fraud:
And through the city, stretched at will,
Sleep the tired Trojans, and are still.

And now from Tenedos set free
The Greeks are sailing on the sea,
Bound for the shore where erst they lay,
Beneath the still moon's friendly ray:
When in a moment leaps to sight
On the king's ship the signal light,
And Sinon, screened by partial fate,
Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate.

19. Cassandra was a daughter of Priam, king of Troy. She had been loved by Apollo, who bestowed on her the gift of prophecy; but she had angered him by failing to return his love, and he, unable to take back the gift he had given, decreed that her prophecies should never be believed. All through the siege of Troy she had uttered her predictions and always they proved true; but no one ever paid any heed to her warnings.

20. The Myrmidons were the soldiers of Achilles. Here the epithet, Myrmidonian means simply Grecian.

The horse its charge to air restores,
And forth the armed invasion pours.
Thessander,[21] Sthenelus, the first,
Slide down the rope: Ulysses curst,
Thoas and Acamas are there,
And great Pelides' youthful heir,
Machaon, Menelaus, last
Epeus, who the plot forecast.
They seize the city, buried deep
In floods of revelry and sleep,
Cut down the warders of the gates,
And introduce their banded mates.[22]

21. These are all Grecian heroes.

22. After the Greeks entered the gates the chief Trojan citizens were put to death and the city was set on fire. Æneas, with his little son and his aged father, escaped and took ship for Italy, accompanied by a band of followers.

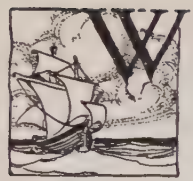
ULYSSES

ADAPTED FROM THE ODYSSEY

NOTE,—The *Odyssey* is one of the most famous of the old Greek poems, one that is still read and enjoyed by students of the Greek language, and one that in its translations has given pleasure to many English and American readers. Its influence on the works of our best writers has been remarkable, and everybody wishes to know something about it.

It is in twenty-four books or parts, and tells of the wanderings and adventures of the Greek hero, Ulysses, king of Ithaca, after the Trojan War. His wanderings lasted for ten years, but most of the *Odyssey* is taken up with the events that happened in the last few weeks of this time, during which period, at intervals, Ulysses himself tells the story of his wanderings, winning everywhere the sympathy and admiration of those to whom he tells it.

It is customary to speak of the *Odyssey* as one of Homer's poems, but the probability is that it was written at different times by different people, and at a date later than that at which the *Iliad* was written. One of the standard translations of the *Odyssey* is that of Alexander Pope, which is followed in this story. The tale has of necessity been very much abridged; the details of the journeyings of Ulysses are omitted entirely, and the emphasis is placed on his return home.



WHEN Ulysses departed to join in the Trojan War, he left his wife Penelope and his young son Telemachus at home. He was one of the foremost of the Greek chieftains in the Trojan War, and his deeds are a prominent part of the story in the *Iliad*.

After Ulysses had been many years absent, he was thought by most of his friends to be dead, and many disorders grew up in his kingdom. Most disturbing of all was the fact that many wicked and treacherous men came about Penelope as suitors for her hand, claiming that there was no reason why she should not marry, as her husband had not been heard of since the Trojan War, and had undoubtedly long since died. Both Penelope and Telemachus still clung to the thought that Ulysses might be living, and the mother would by no means consent to taking another husband.

At this time the gods in council decided that Ulysses should be brought back home, and accordingly Telemachus was inspired to travel in search of his father. Hoping that his journey might be successful, Telemachus, guided by Minerva in the shape of the wise old Mentor, set out on his long and trying journey. In time he learned that his father was still living, and had been held for many years in the island of Calypso. During the absence of Telemachus, the suitors of Penelope planned to destroy him on his voyage home, but failed to accomplish their purpose.

After much persuasion by the gods, Calypso was induced to release Ulysses, and he, building a boat with his own hands, set out on his homeward journey, but in a terrible tempest was shipwrecked and barely escaped with his life, being rescued by a princess to whom he tells the story of his journeyings.

He told how at one time he was in a ship driven by a tempest far from shore, and finally landed upon the flowery coast of the land of Lotus, where he found a hospitable race who lived a lazy, happy life, eating and drinking the things which nature provided them. So divinely sweet were the lotus leaves that whosoever ate them were willing to quit his house, his country and his friends, and wish for no other home than the enchanting land where the lotus plant flourished.

Denying themselves the pleasure of tasting the lotus leaves, Ulysses and his men sailed from the coast to the land of Cyclops, where they were appalled by the sight of a shepherd, enormous in size, unlike any human being, for he had but one eye, and that a huge one in the center of his forehead. Ulysses with a few of his men landed upon the shore and visited the giant's cavern home. While they were inspecting this strange place, the monster returned, bearing on his back half a forest, which he cast down at the door, where it thundered as it fell. After building a huge fire, the giant entered the cavern, and in a voice of thunder asked Ulysses who he was, and why he came to this shore. Ulysses explained,

THE CYCLOPS

and for an answer the huge Cyclops seized two of the followers of Ulysses, dashed them against the stony floor, and like a mountain beast devoured them utterly, draining the blood from their bodies and sucking the marrow from their bones.

After satisfying his hunger, the monster slept

upon the ground, and all night long Ulysses and his followers lay in deadly terror. The next day Ulysses gave the giant wine, and when he was sleeping in a drunken stupor, the Greek hero took a green stick, and heating it until it burnt and sparkled a fiery red, thrust its flaming point into the only eye the Cyclops had.

Raging with pain, the monster stumbled about the cave trying without success to find Ulysses and his followers, though he did discover the door, and stationed himself there to prevent their escape. In the cave were the great sheep that made the herd of the Cyclops, and throwing themselves beneath the animals and clinging to their wool, Ulysses and his followers escaped through the door, while the blind giant was touching his sheep one by one to see that nothing but sheep passed out. Soon the hero and his men were safe on board the ship, though they narrowly escaped destruction from a big boulder that the giant threw into the sea when he discovered that his victims had made their escape.

Æolus, ruler of the winds, anxious to aid Ulysses, gave him prosperous winds and tied the treacherous winds up in a bag, but some of the curious mariners untied the bag, and the conflicting winds escaping, destroyed several of the ships and threw Ulysses and the survivors upon the island of Circe.

This famed enchantress, following her usual custom, turned the followers of Ulysses into swine, but he, aided by Mercury, released them from their enchantment.

After a year's stay on this island, he was urged by Circe to make a descent into the Infernal Regions, where he saw the tortures inflicted upon the wicked who had died before him. On his return he was sent upon another voyage, where he met the Sirens, who lured some of his men to destruction by their charming songs; but Ulysses himself escaped by having himself chained to the mast. He sailed between Scylla and Charybdis safely, though he lost some of his men in the terrible passage.

After Ulysses told in full his story, the kindly princess put him on board a magic ship and sent him to Ithaca, where he was placed on shore with all his treasures, though he did not at first know where he was.

However, he finally learned that he was home again, and visited the house of a favorite servant, where he learned what had transpired during his absence.

In the meantime Telemachus returned home, having learned that his father was still living; and, directed by the gods, he went to the house of the same old servant with whom Ulysses had taken refuge. That night the father and son recognized each other, and after a joyful reunion they lay down to rest, having decided that in the morning Telemachus should repair to the palace and tell Penelope that her husband was still alive, but leave her in ignorance of the fact that he was near at hand.

In the rosy light of the morning the young prince hastened across the dewy lawn on his way

to his mother. When he reached the palace he propped his spear against the wall, leaped like a lion over the threshold, hastened with running steps across the hall, and threw himself into the arms of his loving mother. The passionate joy of their meeting was shadowed only by the story that Telemachus had to tell, yet the story was lightened somewhat by the knowledge that Ulysses still lived, though under enchantment, and might in time be able to return to his kingdom.

Penelope, knowing that her husband was still living, became more than ever incensed at the outrageous conduct of the suitors, who had quartered themselves in her palace and were living in luxury and vice. However, even with Telemachus at her side, it was impossible to drive out the powerful men, so that she felt compelled still to endure their unwelcome presence.

According to the plans made by Ulysses and his son, the former about this time started for the palace, clothed like a beggar, with a scrip flung over his shoulders around his patched and ragged gown. Leaning upon a rude staff which his old servant had given him, Ulysses and his servant passed along the road and descended into the town.

On the way they met a most wicked and treacherous former servant of Ulysses, who, now risen to power, insulted the beggared chief by word and blow. It was with difficulty that Ulysses restrained himself, for all his mighty rage was roused, and he swung his staff as though to

strike his insulter dead. However, remembering what was at stake, he conquered himself and endured the insults.

As they drew near the gates of the city, they saw lying in the filth of the gutter an old, decrepit dog, who had been the pet and joy of Ulysses before he left for war. Argus was now grown old and feeble, and had been kicked from the palace by the cruel servants and left to starve in the street. No sooner, however, had the chieftain approached than Argus knew his master, and dragged himself, panting, to kiss the feet of the returned hero.

Ulysses, recognizing the dog, exclaimed, "See this noble beast lying abandoned in the gutter! Once he was vigorous, bold and young; swift as a stag, and strong as a lion. Now he lies dying from hunger. Surely his age deserves some care. Was he merely a worthless beauty, and is he despised for that reason?"

"No," replied the servant, "he once belonged to Ulysses, but since the chieftain left his home, nothing restrains the servants; and where riot reigns, there can be no humanity. Whenever man makes himself a slave, half his worth is taken away."

While they were speaking, Argus raised his head, took one last look at his master, and closed his eyes forever.

A moment later, Ulysses, a despicable figure, old and poor, in ragged clothing, trembling and leaning on his staff, rested against the pillar of his own gate. Telemachus was the first to see

his father, and ordered that food should be given the poor beggar, and that he should be invited to enter the hall and share the comforts of the palace. The experiences of the poor old mendicant in the palace were more trying than any that he had had, for he met with nothing but insults and abuse from the assembled suitors, in spite of the fact that Telemachus more than once urged them to be generous, and himself set the example repeatedly.

Once only did Ulysses give way to his rage, and that was when another beggar insulted him and challenged him to fight. Then Ulysses spread his broad shoulders, braced his limbs, expanded his ample chest, and struck but once with his powerful right arm. Although he expended but half his strength, the blow crushed the jaw-bone of the beggar, and felled him, stunned and quivering, to the ground, while from his mouth and nostrils poured a stream of purple blood.

This happened in the street before the palace, and Ulysses, taking no notice of his fallen foe, flung his tattered scrip across his shoulder, knotted the thong around his waist, and returned to the palace, where the nobles joined in sarcastic compliments on his strength.

While Ulysses hung about the palace in beggar's garb, only one person recognized him, and that was his old nurse Euryclea, who saw upon his knee a scar, that came from a wound which he had received when a youth in hunting a wild boar. Then the old nurse had tended the

wound, and now she knew at once her fallen master. With difficulty Ulysses restrained her joy, and urged her to keep his secret till the time came to disclose it.

While these things were happening, the suitors grew more and more insistent, and at a great banquet in the palace they became so riotous that both Penelope and Telemachus knew that something must be done. Ulysses was subjected to continual insult, and the suitors, quarreling among themselves, insisted that Penelope should give them some definite answer.

Finally the queen and her son perfected a plan and announced to the suitors that at a certain time after the feast the queen would decide which she would accept. Penelope then went to the inmost room of the palace and unlocked the door where the royal treasures lay, and taking from among them the great bow which Ulysses had carried, and the quiver that contained his arrows, she brought them down to the hall. This bow was a gift to Ulysses in his youth, and the warrior had used it in many a fierce combat, but so powerful was it that none but himself could bend it.

Taking the bow before the assembled suitors, the majestic queen spoke as follows: "You make vain pretense that you love me; you speak of me as a prize, and you say you seek me as a wife. Now hear the conditions under which I will decide, and commence the trial. Whichever one of you shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and send a fleet arrow through the eyes of twelve

axes truly arranged, him will I follow, leaving this home which has been my delight and which now has come to be but a torture to me."

She spoke carefully, and at the same time showed the rings and the bow. But as she touched the powerful weapon, thoughts of her lost king filled her eyes with tears.

The suitors did not like the plan Penelope proposed, but saw no other way to gratify their hopes. Although they objected, Telemachus insisted that Ulysses should be present at the trial, and that he himself should be the first to make the attempt, for he said, "If I win, then will my mother go with me."

Three times Telemachus twanged the bow, and three times his arrows sped along the hall, each time missing by a narrower margin the difficult mark. As he was about to make the fourth attempt, Ulysses signaled him to stop, feeling sure that on this trial the young man would succeed.

Disappointed and grieving, Telemachus obeyed, saying, "I have failed, but it is because of my youth and not my weakness. So let the suitors try."

The first to make the attempt was Leiodes, a blameless priest, the best of all the suitors, the only one in the throng who was a decent man, and who detested the conduct of the wretches who hung about the queen. However strong his heart, his feeble fingers were not able to bend the bow, and in despair he passed it on to the next. One after another the suitors tried and failed,

till only two remained; but they were the mightiest and the best.

At this point Ulysses, still in disguise, summoned two of his old servants, the masters of his herds and flocks, and with them passed out of the banquet hall. Once by themselves, the king made himself known, and in a moment both the men were at his feet, embracing his knees and shedding tears of joy and gratitude.

Without delay, Ulysses spoke, "We have no time now to indulge in unseemly joy. Our foes are too numerous and too fierce, and almost before we know it some one may betray us. Let us return to the banquet separately, I first, and you following me a few moments later. Tell no one who I am, but when the remaining suitors refuse to allow me to make the attempt with the bow, you, Eumæus, bring me the instrument at once. In the meantime lock every gate of the palace, and set some woman to lock each door within and leave it locked, no matter what sound of arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear. You, Philætius, guard the main gate to the palace; guard it faithfully with your life!"

When Ulysses was within, he spoke to the two powerful suitors as follows: "Take my advice, noble lords, let the bow rest in peace this day, and to-morrow dispute for the prize. But as you delay the contest, let me take the bow for one moment and prove to you that I whom you despise may yet have in my feeble arm some of its ancient force."

Antinoüs, with lightning flashing from his

eyes, yet with some terror at the bold carriage of the beggar, cried, "Is it not enough, O miserable guest, that you should sit in our presence, should be admitted among princes? Remember how the Centaur was treated; dragged from the hall, his nose shortened and his ears slit. Such a fate may be yours."

But the queen interfered, saying, "It is impious to shame this stranger guest who comes at the request of our son Telemachus. Who knows but that he may have strength to draw the bow? Virtue is the path to praise; wrong and oppression can bring no renown. From his bearing, and from his face and his stature, we know our guest can have descended from no vulgar race. Let him try the bow, and if he wins he shall have a new sword, a spear, a rich cloak, fine embroidered sandals, and a safe conveyance to his home."

"O royal mother," interrupted Telemachus, "grant me a son's just right! No one but a Grecian prince has power to grant or deny the use of this bow. My father's arms have descended to me alone. I beg you, O queen, return to your household tasks and leave us here together. The bow and the arms of chivalry belong to man alone, and most of all these belong to me."

With admiration for her manly son, Penelope left the banquet hall and returned to her chamber, where she sat revolving in her mind her son's words, while thoughts of his noble father brought abundant tears to her eyes.

In the hall was riot, noise, and wild uproar as Eumæus started to place the bow in the hand of Ulysses.

"Go back to thy den, far away from the society of men, or we will throw you to your dogs!" cried the crowd of disappointed suitors to the trembling servant.

"Slight their empty words, listen not to them," shouted Telemachus. "Are you so foolish as to think you can please so many lords? If you give not the bow to the suppliant, my hands shall drive you from the land, and if I were strong enough I would expel this whole shoal of lawless men." Thus encouraged, Eumæus handed the great bow to the king.

In the meantime the gates had been closed, and Philætius secured them with strong cables, after which he returned silent to the banquet room, and took his seat with his eyes upon his lord.

In his hands Ulysses turned the bow on all sides, and viewed it over and over, wondering if time had weakened it, or other injury had come to it during his long absence. Snarling in anger, the suitors spoke derisively, but the chieftain disdained reply, and continued with exact eye to study every inch of his weapon. Then with ease he held the bow aloft in one hand, and with the other tried its strength. It twanged short and sharp like the shrill cry of a swallow. Every face paled, and a general horror ran through all present, for from the skies the lightning burst, and Jove thundered loudly on high.

Then sitting as he was, Ulysses fitted an arrow to the string and drew back, leveling his eye to every ring. Then with a mighty pull, he drew back the bow and gave the arrow wing. Straight it left the string, and straight it passed through every ring and struck the gate behind, piercing even the solid wood through and through.

"I have brought no shame to you," said Ulysses, turning to Telemachus, "nor has my hand proved unfaithful to my aim. I have not lost my ancient vigor, and ill did I deserve the disdain of these haughty peers. Let them go and find comfort among themselves, if they can, in music and banqueting."

Even as Ulysses spoke, Telemachus girded on his shining sword, seized a javelin, and took his stand at his father's side.

From that moment Ulysses ceased to be the beggar, and stripped of his rags he stood forth like a god, full before the faces of the astonished suitors. He lifted his bow, and threw before his feet a rattling shower of darts.

"We have another game to play this day, O coward princes!" he exclaimed. "Another mark we must reach with our arrows. May Phœbus assist us, and our labor not be in vain!"

With the last word, the great chieftain loosed his arrow, and on its wings death rode to Antinoüs, who at that moment had raised a golden bowl from which to drink. The fateful arrow passed through his neck, and he fell upon the floor, and the wine from the tumbling goblet mingled with his blood.

The rest of the suitors were confounded at what they saw, and thronged the hall tumultuously, half in fear and half in anger.

"Do you aim at princes?" they cried. "This is the last of the unhappy games you shall play. Death now awaits you, and vultures shall tear your body."

"Dogs, you have had your day," the Greek warrior spoke. "You thought there was no further fear of Ulysses, and here you have squandered his wealth, made his house your home, and preyed upon his servants. Worse than all, fired by frenzy, you have claimed even the wife of your chieftain. You have known neither shame nor dread of the gods, and now is come the hour of vengeance. Behold your King!"

The confused suitors stood around with pale cheeks and guilty heads before the dreadful words of Ulysses.

Eurymachus alone was bold enough to speak. "If you are indeed Ulysses, great are your wrongs, for your property has been squandered, and riot and debauchery have filled your palace. But at your feet now lies Antinoüs, whose wild ambition meant to slay your son and divide your kingdom. Since he is dead, spare the rest of your people. Our gold and treasures shall defray the expense, and the waste of years shall be refunded to you within the day. Until then, your wrath is just."

With high disdain the king thus sternly spoke, "All the treasures that we had before you began

your pillage, joined with all your own, would not bring you mercy. I demand your blood and your lives as prizes, and shall not cease till every one of you lies as pale as yonder wretch

"I DEMAND YOUR BLOOD AND YOUR LIVES."

upon the floor. You have but one choice—to fight or to fly."

All the great assembly trembled with guilty fears excepting Eurymachus alone, who calling upon the others to follow him, drew his traitor sword, and rushed like a lion against his lord.

As they met, Ulysses turned aside the sword of his rushing foe, and forced his own through the traitor's breast. Eurymachus dropped his sword from his weakening hand, and fell prone

upon the table, breaking it to the ground, and scattering the rich viands over the marble floor.

Almost at the same moment Amphinomus rushed forward to the attack, but Telemachus drove his brazen spear through the breast of the fierce foe, who fell crashing to the stones.

"Arm! great father, arm!" cried Telemachus. "In haste I run for other arms and missiles, for helmet and shield. Let the two servants stand faithfully by your side till I return."

"Haste!" replied Ulysses, "lest the host come upon us all at once, and we be driven from our post."

Telemachus flew to the room where the royal armor lay, and brought with him four brazen helmets, eight shining spears, and four broad shields. Still among the coward princes the arrows of Ulysses were flying, each carrying death to an enemy. Each placed a helmet upon his head, and buckled on an armor, and thus clothed, the four stood shoulder to shoulder, awaiting the onset, for by this time the surviving princes had remembered the strength that lay in their numbers, and prepared to charge together upon the king and his attendants.

Now Minerva, the wise goddess and friend of Ulysses, appeared again before him as the aged Mentor, and advised him how to fight. Then with change of form, she suddenly perched like a swallow on a rafter high, where, unperceived, she could watch the struggle.

The conflict that followed was a sight worthy of the gods, for again and again the traitor

princes charged upon the doughty four, each time losing some of their number; for rarely did it fail that the king and each of his faithful adherents took at least one life from the multitude. Again and again clouds of darts threatened the life of the king and his son, but every time Minerva blew them aside, and they fell harmless upon the floor, or buried themselves in the woodwork behind the struggling heroes.

At last but three of the attacking party remained alive. First of these was Leiodes, the priest, who had first tried the bow of Ulysses.

"O gracious king, hear my supplication! I have never dishonored your house by word or deed, and often I tried to check the injustice of the rest, but they never listened to my words. Do not make yourself guilty of insult to my consecrated head."

"Priest you are," returned Ulysses, "but your vows have been made against me, and against me have your daily prayers been said. Moreover, you aspired to the hand of my wife, and as you joined in the common crime against me, you deserve the common fate."

Even as he spoke, he seized a sword from the hand of one of the dead princes, and swung it flashing through the air, and that moment the priest's head rolled muttering on the floor. There remained only Phemius, the reverend minstrel, whose poems had pleased the king in earlier days, and Medon, the faithful friend and servant of Telemachus. Neither had taken part in the struggle, and both were spared.

"Be bold," Ulysses said to them, "and rely on the friendship of my son. Live, and be to the world an example, to show how much more safe are good than evil deeds. Go out to the open court and leave us here in this room of blood and carnage."

Carefully the rooms were then searched by Ulysses and his followers, but nowhere could they find a single living traitor. The dead lay on the floor in heaps like fish that had been cast from the net upon the sands, and lie stiffening in the air.

Ulysses was not content till he had punished every evil servant and treacherous man and woman about the palace or in the town in proportion to his misdeeds.

Then by the aid of Euryclea, his faithful old nurse, he robed himself in garments fit for the shoulders of a king, and prepared to meet the queen.

During all this time Penelope had remained in her apartments terrified by the confusion and noise of fighting in the palace, but praying always for her son. We can imagine her surprise and delight when she learned how the battle had turned, and that the beggar, who had fought so manfully, was indeed none other than her husband Ulysses.

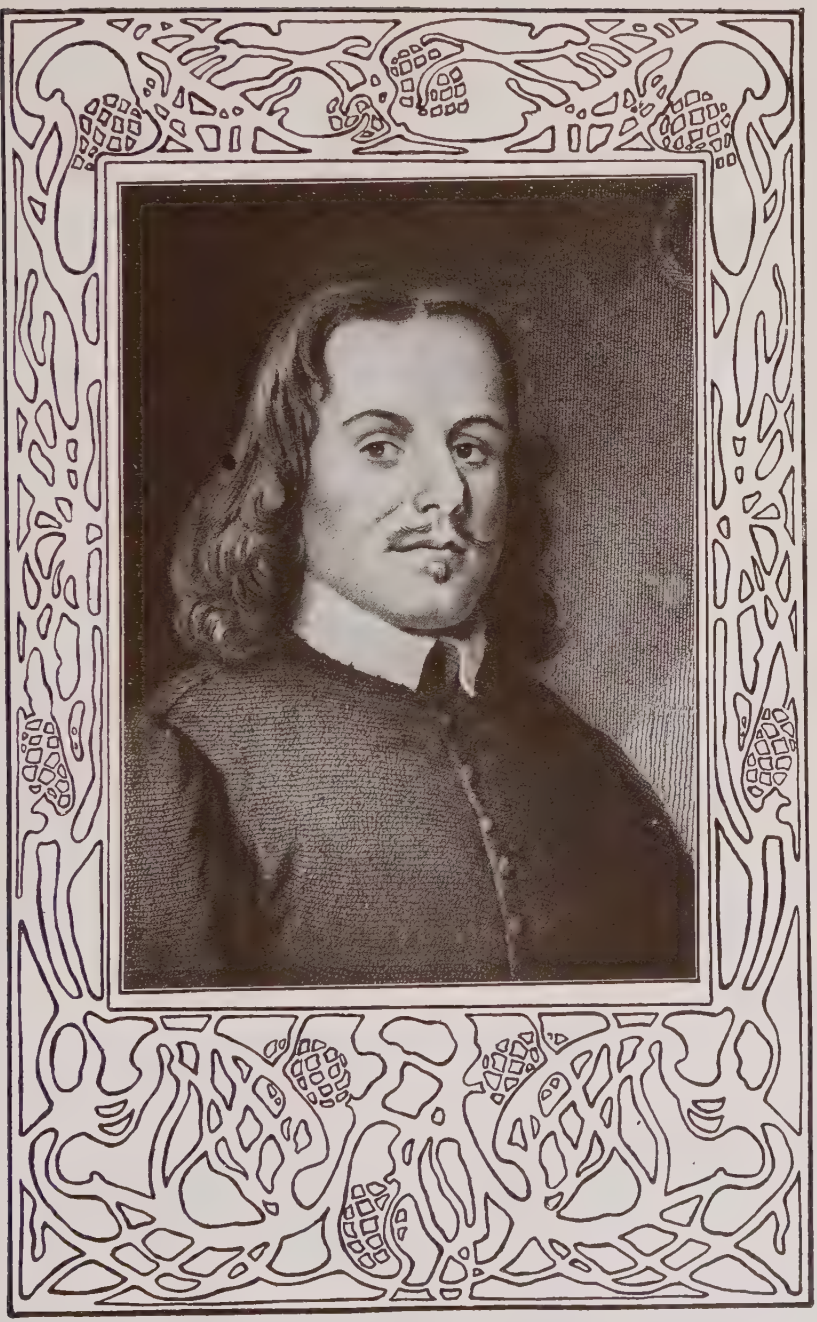
Once more in possession of the throne, the Greek hero and his son rapidly destroyed every vestige of the unhappy days that had passed, and soon the kingdom was again enjoying a prosperous and happy reign.

JOHN BUNYAN

HE father of John Bunyan was a poor tinker, a mender of pots and kettles, working sometimes in his own house and sometimes in the homes of others. His son followed the same occupation and did his work well. Even after he became a popular preacher and a great author he kept on with his humble calling. It was a queer occupation for a man of genius, and scarcely any one would expect the man who followed it to write a book that would be more widely read than anything except the Bible. Evidently Bunyan was no common tinker.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in 1628, a year famous in English history as that in which the king, Charles I, was forced to grant the Petition of Right presented by the House of Commons. But the commotion in politics produced little effect on father and child, and the latter grew up as most English boys of his time did grow, except that he had the advantage of attending a grammar school in Bedford, a greater advantage than it seems unless we remember that there were then no common schools in England.

The young tinker was a violent and passionate boy, profane, and a leader in all the mischief of his kind. In his own account of his early life written long years afterward he accuses himself



JOHN BUNYAN

of all manner of sins. Yet from what he says in other places we know that he was far from being the worst of boys, and that many things that gave him the greatest concern were curiously exaggerated by his uneasy conscience.

He must have been a strange little fellow, for while he was swearing, lying and leading raids upon his neighbors' fruit orchards he was often terrified by the awfulness of his sin and "trembling at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire."

To appreciate his feelings fully, we must remember the age in which he lived as the time when everything in the Bible was taken as wholly literal, when people believed that sin was followed by awful punishments in a fiery hell, and when miraculous events were considered common. The young John must have known such occurrences as the following, related by Froude in his Life of Bunyan:

"A man commonly called 'Old Tod' came one day into court, in the Summer Assizes at Bedford, to demand justice upon himself as a felon. No one had accused him, but God's judgment was not to be escaped, and he was forced to accuse himself. 'My lord,' said Old Tod to the judge, 'I have been a thief from my childhood. I have been a thief ever since. There has not been a robbery committed these many years, within so many miles of this town, but I have been privy to it.' The judge, after a conference, agreed to indict him for certain felonies which he had acknowledged. He pleaded guilty,

implicating his wife along with him, and they were both hanged."

Filled with terror by the fearful things he heard and saw, it is no wonder that so sensitive a child was haunted by such nightmares as are described by one of his biographers.

Once he dreamed that he saw the face of heaven as it were on fire, the firmament crackling and shivering with the noise of mighty thunder, and an archangel flew in the midst of heaven, sounding a trumpet, and a glorious throne was seated in the east, whereon sat One in brightness like the morning star. Upon which he, thinking it was the end of the world, fell upon his knees and said, "Oh Lord, have mercy on me! What shall I do? The day of Judgment is come, and I am not prepared."

"At another time he dreamed that he was in a pleasant place, jovial and rioting, when an earthquake rent the earth, out of which came bloody flames, and the figures of men tossed up in globes of fire, and falling down again with horrible cries and shrieks and execrations, while devils mingled among them, and laughed aloud at their torments. As he stood trembling, the earth sank under him, and a circle of flames embraced him. But when he fancied he was at the point to perish, One in shining white raiment descended and plucked him out of that dreadful place, while the devils cried after him to take him to the punishment which his sins had deserved. Yet he escaped the danger, and leapt for joy when he awoke and found it was a dream."

At seventeen, Bunyan was a tall, active lad still wild and reckless, an inventor of tales, who swore to their truth, a great leader in athletic sports, but free from drunkenness and other coarse vices. The Civil War was nearing its end, and martial deeds drew Bunyan to enlist, but his term of service was short and it is not known to a certainty on which side he served.

Soon after this he married an excellent girl, an orphan, who had been brought up religiously and who made an excellent wife for the successful tinker. He was now a regular attendant upon the Established Church, though, as he says, still retaining his wicked life.

The story of Bunyan's conversion is one that is difficult for us to understand. To him it was a series of terrifying experiences, a succession of agonizing struggles, which grew only the more terrible after he was convinced of his own sinful ways. He tells the story of his fearful spiritual contest in the plainest, most matter-of-fact way, but scarcely mentions his home life, his daily work, or the growth of his family.

To him, the Devil was a very real person, who came as a tempter and would not be denied, long after Bunyan had completely reformed his ways and was living a life of strict honesty, purity and self-denial. No sooner had his manner of living become perfect, as we should consider it, than mental and spiritual temptations fell upon him. He believed that he had denied and sold his Savior; that he had committed the one sin for which no atonement was possible, and that he

stood on the brink of a very real hell in whose sulphurous flames his body would burn forever. We cannot help pitying the poor country workman whose tender conscience and loyal soul tortured him with pains, worse a thousand times than those of physical death. No doubt his mind wavered in the balance, for such agonies lead to insanity, if they are not the evidence of it.

At last, however, his self-tormenting ceased, and his weary soul found rest in a comforting belief in Christ's forgiveness. As a result of his worry his health had given way, and he felt that his end was at hand. But after peace came to him and he joined the Baptist Church his strength came back, and for several years he kept at his business, making good progress and finding himself at twenty-five years of age in a better position in life than that to which he had been born.

There came to him a further call, and ignorant as he was of history, literature and philosophy, he entered the ministry of his church. He knew his Bible thoroughly, he had experienced all the terrors of the lost and all the joys of the redeemed, and he possessed that living enthusiasm that carries conviction to others. So, when he spoke to the people among whom he had passed his life, he caught the imagination of every one and bore them all along on the flood of his eloquence. No such preacher was there in England; and everywhere, in woods, in barns, on the village greens and in the chapels of the towns he preached his religion.

In the height of his fame, the Commonwealth ended, the Puritans lost their control of political affairs, and Charles II was restored to the throne of England. Soon the separate meetings of the Nonconformists were prohibited, and Bunyan was warned that he must cease his preaching. No one could be more firm, however, in following the dictates of his conscience than this reformed tinker, and so, although he knew arrest and imprisonment faced him, he arranged to meet his people and deliver to them a farewell address in November, 1660. At that meeting the constables found him and took him away without any resistance on his part. The government was anxious to deal liberally with Bunyan, for his fine character and good influence were both recognized, but the sturdy exhorter declined to stop his preaching and would not give the least assurance that he would not continue to spread his faith. As a consequence he was committed to the Bedford jail, where he was not kept, however, in close confinement for any great part of the time. His family were allowed to visit him, and his friends often came in numbers to listen to his addresses. There was no time when he would not have been liberated if he had merely promised to give up his preaching. At the end of six years he was liberated, but as he began preaching at once, he was rearrested and kept for six years longer, when a general change of governmental policy sent him out into the world at fourty-four years of age, free to preach when and where he wished.

Bunyan's imprisonment was of great value to him, in one respect at least, for it gave him time to read, reflect and write. That he availed himself of the privilege, his great works testify. After his release he continued his labors among his congregation, in writing, and in visiting other churches. His little blind child, who visited him so often in the jail, died; but the rest of his family lived and did well, and Bunyan must be considered a very happy man during the sixteen years he stayed in his neat little home in Bedford.

In August, 1688, he received word that a bad quarrel had taken place between a father and son, acquaintances of Bunyan, who lived at Reading. The old peacemaker went at once to the family and after much persuasion succeeded in reconciling the two and persuading the father not to disinherit the son. But this was the last charitable act of the great preacher, for in returning he was drenched to the skin in a heavy shower of wind and rain, and after a brief illness died at the home of one of his friends in London.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

INTRODUCTION

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS was written while Bunyan was in the Bedford jail, and as the writer says, was written for his own amusement. Christian is Bunyan himself, and the trials and experiences of the former are but the reflections of the temptations and sufferings of the great preacher set forth in wonderfully dramatic and striking form.

At some time nearly every person reads *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and to those who do, Christian becomes a very real person. It is a Puritan book, pure and simple, and as such, contains some things that people of other denominations may object to, but there is so much of truth, simplicity and real human nature in it, so much that touches the spiritual experiences of all human beings, that most people, regardless of creed, are helped by it.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a very plain allegory. It describes persons and things as real and material, but always gives to everything a spiritual significance. There is no room for doubt at any time, for the names are all so aptly chosen that the meaning may be seen by any reader. Yet the allegory is so significantly true that while a child may read and enjoy it as a story and be helped by its patent

truthfulness and poetry, the maturer mind may find latent truths that compensate for a more careful reading.

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world," the book begins, "I lighted on a certain place where there was a den[1] and I laid me down there to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man, a man clothed in rags, standing with his face from his own home, with a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?'" This man is Christian, the hero of the story.

CHRISTIAN BEGINS HIS JOURNEY

IN THIS plight, therefore, he went home and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them:

"O my dear wife," said he, "and you, my children, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover I am for certain informed that this our

1. The Bedford jail.

city will be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered."

At this his relations were sore amazed; not for what they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing near night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed.

But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did. He told them, "Worse and worse." He also set talking to them again: but they began to be hardened.

They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had

done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered:

"Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go."

Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?"

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger

HE LOOKED NOT BEHIND HIM

over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder wicket gate?"

The man said, "No."

"Then, said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?"

He said, "I think I do."

Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now, he had not run far from his own door; but his wife and children, perceiving it,

began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!"

So he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run, and, as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return; and, among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of one was Obstinate, and the other Pliable.

Obstinate argues with Christian, but gives him up in despair and returns to his home, but Pliable, thinking after all there may be some good reason in Christian's conduct, decides to accompany him to the wicket gate, and they converse on the way.

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

NOW, I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Then said Pliable, "Ah! neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

"Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

At this Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill-speed at our first setting out, what may

IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

we expect betwixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me."

And, with that, he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on the side of the slough which was next to his own house; so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore, Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket gate; the which he did, but he could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back; but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him, what he did there?

"Sir," said Christian, "I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither I fell in here."

Help. "But why did you not look for the steps?"

Chr. "Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in."

Help. "Then give me thy hand." So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, "Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travelers might go thither with more security?"

And he said unto me, "This mire slough is such a place as cannot be mended: it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition,

there ariseth in his soul many fears, and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place. And this is the reason of the badness of the ground.

"It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His laborers also have, by the direction of His Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge," said he, "here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions, and they that can tell say that they are the best materials to make good ground of the place, if so be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

"True, there are, by the direction of the Lawgiver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough: but at such time as this place doth much spew out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or, if they be, men, through the dizziness of their heads, step beside, and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate."

Now, I saw in my dream, that by this time Pliable was got home to his house again, so that his neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and

some called him fool for hazarding himself with Christian; others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying, "Surely, since you began to venture, I would not have been so base as to have given out for a few difficulties." So Pliable sat sneaking among them. But at last he got more confidence, and then they all turned their tales, and began to deride poor Christian behind his back.

Christian proceeds on his way, meeting many persons and conversing with them, often discouraged, but always persistent in his idea of gaining Mount Zion and the holy city. The perils that he meets do not overwhelm him, and even when he is apparently doomed to certain destruction, some happy turn of events sets him again on his way rejoicing. Friends also appear to help him whenever he most needs them.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

THEN I saw in my dream that, on the morrow, he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was; so he consented and stayed.

When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so

he did; and, behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Emmanuel's Land; "and it is as common," said they, "as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there from thence," said they, "thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear."

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. "But first," said they, "let us go again into the armory." So they did; and when they came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest, perhaps, he should meet with assaults in the way.

He being, therefore, thus accoutered, walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, "Yes."

Chr. "Pray, did you know him?"

Por. "I asked him his name, and he told me it was Faithful."

Chr. "Oh, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbor; he comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he may be before?"

Por. "He has got by this time below the hill."

Chr. "Well, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me."

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill.

Then said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down." "Yes," said Prudence, "so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill." So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish, and (they are his pride) he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apol. "Whence came you? and whither are you bound?"

Chr. "I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion."

Apol. "By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground."

Chr. "I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, 'for the wages of sin *is* death,' therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself."

Apol. "There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet loose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back: what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee."

Chr. "But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?"

Apol. "Thou hast done in this, according to the proverb, 'Changed a bad for a worse'; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well."

Chr. "I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?"

Apol. "Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back."

Chr. "What I promised thee was in my nonage; and beside, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and, beside, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him."

Apol. "Consider, again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths; and, beside, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never

came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but, as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee."

Chr. "His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for the present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels."

Apol. "Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?"

Chr. "Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?"

Apol. "Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest."

Chr. "All this is true, and much more which

thou has left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince."

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee."

Chr. "Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself."

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul."

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand and his foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now."

And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched

out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall rise," and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound.

Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

"A more unequal match can hardly be,
Christian must fight an Angel; but you see,
The valiant man by handling Sword and Shield,
Doth make him, tho' a Dragon, quit the field."

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying—

"Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harness'd out: and he with rage,
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always."

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand."

But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Later Christian meets Faithful, a true pilgrim, but one of a different temperament, so that his trials and other experiences have been different, but the two proceed on their journey together happy in good companionship. They pass through Vanity Fair, and Faithful is stoned to death.

After Christian's escape from Vanity Fair he is joined by Hopeful, and the two travel on as he and Faithful had done. Their trials continue.

but Christian finds even more help in the cheerful nature of Hopeful than in the gentle disposition of Faithful, and he looks forward without great dread to other trials which he may have to endure.

DOUBTING CASTLE AND GIANT DESPAIR

NOW, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry, yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender, by reason of their travels; "so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way."

Wherefore, as still they went on, they wished for better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow:

"If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it."

Then he went to the stile to see, and, behold, a path lay along by the way, on the other side of the fence.

"It is according to my wish," said Christian. "Here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

Hope. "But how if this path should lead us out of the way?"

Chr. "That is not like. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside?"

So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did (and his name was Vain-confidence); so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said to the Celestial Gate.

"Look," said Christian, "did not I tell you so? By this you may see we are right."

So they followed and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?"

Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder and lightning in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, "Oh, that I had kept on my way!"

Chr. "Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?"

Hope. "I was afraid on it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I."

Chr. "Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent."

Hope. "Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good."

Chr. "I am glad I have with me a merciful brother. But we must not stand thus; let us try to go back again."

Hope. "But, good brother, let me go before."

Chr. "No, if you please, let me go first; that, if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way."

Hope. "No, you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again."

Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, "Set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest; turn again."

But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way, when we are in, than

going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the daybreak, but, being weary, they fell asleep.

Now there was not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they were now sleeping.

Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds.

They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men.

Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or

drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel they were brought into this distress.

"The Pilgrims now, to gratify the flesh,
Will seek its ease; but oh! how they afresh
Do thereby plunge themselves new griefs into;
Who seek to please the flesh, themselves undo."

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to-wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy.

So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

So all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves.

So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison. "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:

Chr. "Brother, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part I know not whether it is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the Giant?"

Hope. "Indeed, our present condition is

dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, 'Thou shalt do no murder'; no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once.

"And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? 'For no murderer hath eternal life.'

"And let us consider, again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him, as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hand. Who knows but that God that made the world may cause that Giant Despair may die? or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in? or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs?

"And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man and try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while. The time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers."

With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they con-

IN DOUBTING CASTLE

tinued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, toward evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that

Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no. Now Christian again seemed to be for doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:

Hope. "My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! And art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also, this Giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain, nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away with themselves."

"Then," said she, "take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched,

and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again;" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before.

Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:

"I fear, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape.

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will, therefore, search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian,

as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened, too; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them.

Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting

Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims."

Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:

"Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare.
Lest they for trespassing his prisoners are,
Whose Castle's Doubting, and whose name's
Despair."

Having escaped from Doubting Castle they continue their perilous way, ever drawing nearer to the Celestial City, and ever growing more impatient for the end of their pilgrimage.

BEULAH LAND, DEATH, AND THE CELESTIAL CITY

NOW I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country

the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle.

Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage.

Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, "The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord sought out," etc.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city, they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the street thereof was paved with gold; so by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Where-

fore, here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs, "If ye find my beloved, tell him that I am sick of love."

But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, "Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?" He answered, "They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims." So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties. He also showed them there the King's walks, and the arbors where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, "Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city; but, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for "the city was pure gold") was so extremely glorious, that they could not, as yet, with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose.

THE CELESTIAL CITY

So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men, in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way; and they told them.

Then said the men that met them, "You have

but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city."

Christian, then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them; so they told them they would.

"But," said they, "you must obtain it by your own faith."

So I saw in my dream that they went on together, until they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered, "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to-wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound."

The Pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth.

They said, "No;" yet they could not help them in the case; "for," said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place."

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying

out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all His waves go over me! Selah."

Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good."

Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, 'the sorrows of death have compassed me about;' I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey;" and with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage.

But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here, also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words.

Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful also did endeavor to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us;" but Christian would answer,

"It is you, it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you."

"And so have you," said he to Christian.

"Ah, brother;" said he, "surely if I was right, He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me."

Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses."

Then I saw in my dream, that Christian was as in a muse a while. To whom also Hopeful added this word, "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole;" and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh! I see Him again, and He tells me, 'When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them, wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation."

Thus they went along toward the gate.

Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also, they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now while they were thus drawing toward the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said, by the other two Shining Ones, "These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy."

Then the heavenly host gave a great shout saying, "Blessed are they which are called unto

the marriage supper of the Lamb." There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises, and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon, these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them.

And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that

for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City."

Then I saw in my dream that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some looked from over the gate, to-wit, Enoch, Moses and Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place;" and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, "Where are the men?"

To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate."

The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation," said he, "which keepeth the truth may enter in."

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor.

Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was

said unto them, "*Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.*"

I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "*Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.*"

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

AWAY*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I cannot say, and I will not say,
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes.—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things;—Where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hand have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

* From *Afterwhiles*, by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1887. Used by special permission of the publishers—*The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.—

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said,
"But much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a lonesome bed,
Utter Lazarus, heels to head.

Weary war with bated breath!
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still the glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't—nay more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," asking about the men.
Captain's answer, "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are still alive."

"Johnston's pressed at the front," they say—
Little Giffin was up and away.
A tear, the first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared."—There was news of fight,
But none of Giffin—he didn't write.

I sometimes fancy that when I'm king,
And my gallant courtiers form a ring,
Each so careless of power and pelf,
Each so thoughtful for all but self,
I'd give the best on his bended knee—
Yes, barter them all, for the loyalty
Of Little Giffin of Tennessee.

LITTLE BREECHES

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

JOHN HAY[1]

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

1. John Hay was born in Indiana, and in 1861 became the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and for the greater part of the time during the latter's life as president of the United States, acted as his private secretary. After the War he held various political offices and was an editorial writer on the New York Tribune. He became known for his unusual tact and foresight, and finally became secretary of state.

He is well known, too, for his writings, the most notable of which is his *Abraham Lincoln*, which was written in company with John G. Nicolay. Besides this he wrote a number of humorous poems, of which *Little Breeches* is perhaps the best known.

The snow come down like a blanket
  As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
  And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
  I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
  Went team, Little Breeches and all.

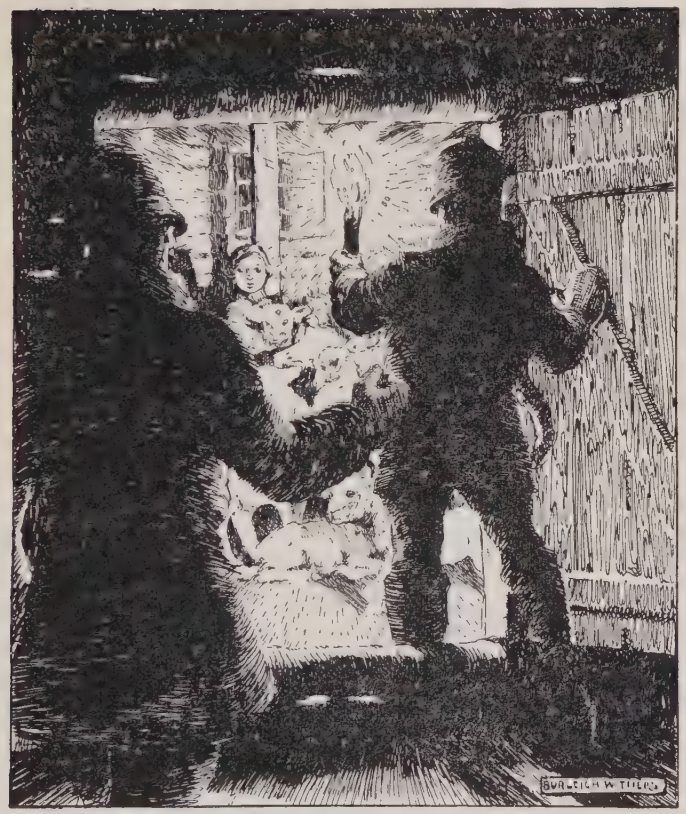
Hell-to-split over the prairie!
  I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
  And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
  Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
  No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
  Of my fellow-critter's aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
  Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
  And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
  That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
  Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
  So warm and sleepy and white;



THERE SAT LITTLE BREECHES

And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.

And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

This little poem is an imitation of what was the rude dialect of some parts of Pike County, Indiana. One must not be too critical of the roughness and the apparent irreverence of some of the lines, for the sentiment is a pleasing one. An ignorant man who believes in "God and the angels" may be forgiven for the crudity of his ideas, and the mistakes he makes in bringing up his boy, especially as he "never ain't had no show."

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

W. S. GILBERT

'Twas on the shores that round our coasts
  From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
  An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
  And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
  In a singular minor key:—

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold,
  And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
  And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair
  Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
    drinking,
  And so I simply said:—

"O elderly man, it's little I know
  Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
  How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
  And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
  And the crew of the captain's gig!"

WEEDY AND LONG WAS HE

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn:—

" 'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and, accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you?'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
''Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

KATEY'S LETTER

LADY DUFFERIN

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear
I wrote my love a letter?
And altho' he cannot read,
I tho't 'twas all the better.
For why sh'ld he be puzzled
With hard spelling in the matter,
When the *maning* was so plain?
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it,
'Twas a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet:

For I would not have the postmaster
Make his remarks upon it,
As I'd said *inside* the letter
That I loved him faithfully,
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dare not put it half in;
The neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing,
So I dare not write his name *outside*,
For fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "From little Kate to one
She loves faithfully,"
And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now girls, would you believe it,
That postman *so consated*,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited;
But maybe—there mayn't be one,
For the reason that I have stated—
That my love can neither read nor write,
But loves me faithfully,
And I know where my love is,
That he is true to me.

JONATHAN SWIFT

THE father of Jonathan Swift was a Dublin lawyer who died just as he was beginning what might have been a profitable career, and before his only son was born. The widow was left with so little money that when her son was born in November, 1667, she was not able to take care of him. Her brother-in-law undertook to provide for mother and child.

He procured a nurse who became so attached to her little charge that when she received a small sum of money from a relative in England and was compelled to go to that country, she stole the baby and took him with her across the channel. It was more than three years before Jonathan was brought back to Dublin, but he had been tenderly cared for, and though but five years of age had been taught to spell and to read in the Bible.

A year later he was sent to a good school, where he made rapid progress. However, he could not have been always studious, for visitors to the school are still shown a desk in which his name is deeply cut.

He was fourteen years old when he entered the University of Dublin, where his record was not a very satisfactory one. When it came time for him to graduate, his standing was too poor for him to take his degree, but after some

delay it was given him "by special favor," a term then used in Dublin to show that a candidate did not pass in his examinations.

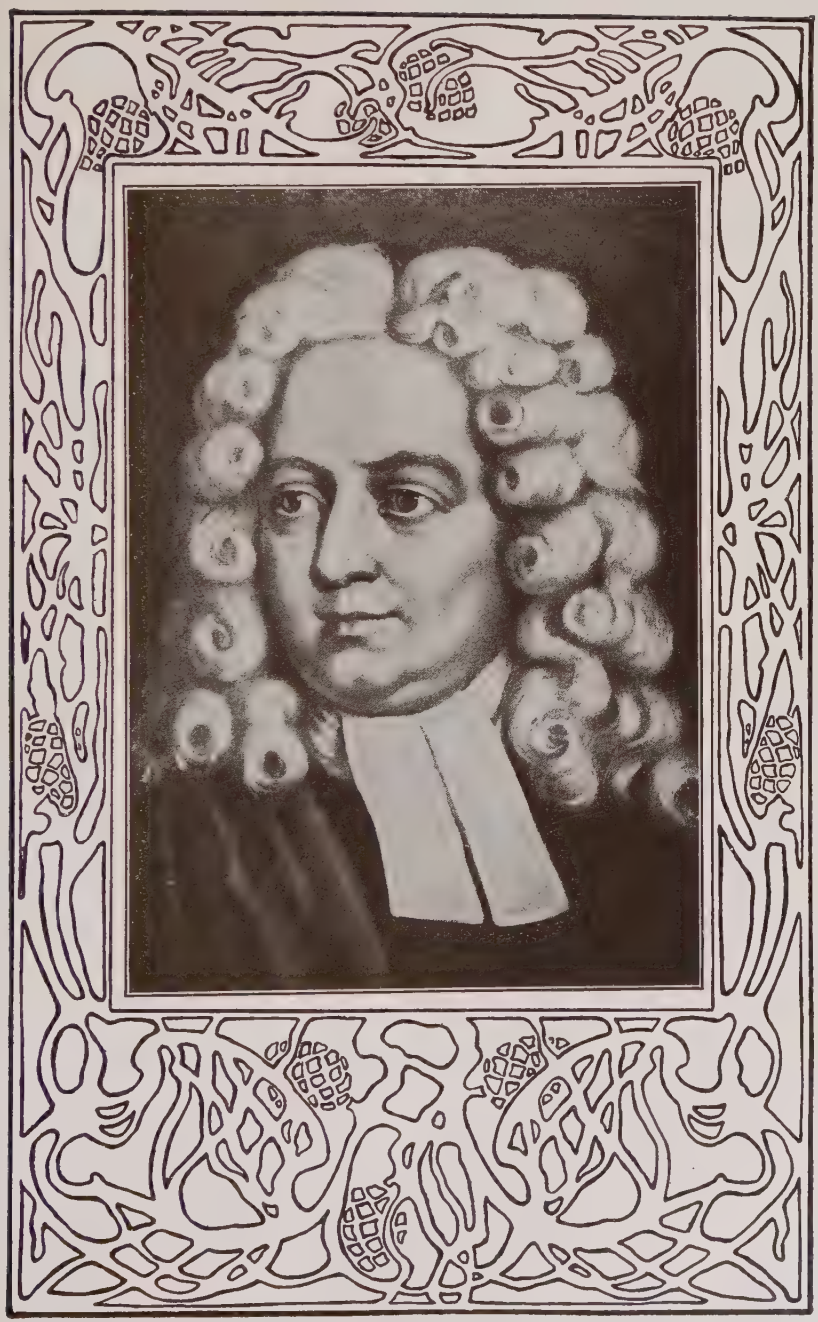
After this, Swift remained three years at the University under the pretense of studying, but he was chiefly notorious for his connection with a gang of wild and disobedient students who were often under censure of the faculty for their irregularities. For one offense Swift was severely censured and compelled upon his knees to beg pardon of the dean. This punishment he did not forgive, and long afterward he wrote bitter things about Dr. Allen, the dean.

Yet while indulging in these follies, Swift learned to write well and became noted for a peculiar satirical style that afterward made him much feared by the government.

When the uncle who had first supported Swift had died, a second uncle and his son took up the burden. At one time this cousin sent Swift quite a large sum of money, a fact which seemed to change the nature of the wild young spendthrift, who thereafter remained economical; in fact, he became niggardly in his saving.

Swift's second degree from the University was earned creditably, and he was much pleased with the praise and respect with which he was received. This was owing to two years of diligent study which he spent at the home of Sir William Temple, a leading statesman of the time and a distant relative by marriage of Swift's mother.

Discouraged by his fruitless attempt to enter public life, he began to study for the ministry,



JONATHAN SWIFT

and, ultimately, through the influence of Sir William, he received a church appointment, of which he wearied after a short experience.

Until 1710, he led a varied life, sometimes dependent upon his relatives, and at others making his way in various political positions. From the date above he was embroiled in heated political controversies in which his bitter writings made him feared even by his friends and fiercely hated by his enemies. But he steadily rose in power and influence, and when his party triumphed he was rewarded for his political services by being appointed Dean of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in Ireland.

His appointment was exceedingly unpopular, even in Ireland, for few believed him at all suited for a position in the church, much less for one so high and important. On the day he was installed, some bitter verses, of which the following are three, were found posted on the door of the cathedral:

To-day this temple gets a dean,
  Of parts and fame uncommon;
Used both to pray and to profane,
  To serve both God and Mammon.

* * * * *

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
  And many ways most odd;
And might a bishop be in time,
  Did he believe in God.

* * * * *

And now when'er his deanship dies,
Upon his tomb be graven—
A man of God here buried lies,
Who never thought of heaven.

Unfortunately there was too much truth in the charges against Swift's character, and his career, in spite of his genius, is a pitiful one. He was admired for his wit and brilliancy, and courted by the noble and powerful, but he was never able to gratify his ambitions, though he did secure many devoted friends. From his disappointments he became moody, bitter and discontented. This state of mind, together with other causes, finally broke his health, destroyed his mind and left him but the sad wreck of a brilliant manhood, and an old age of helpless imbecility. Such a life has little that is attractive for any one, but it does show us that even a brilliant intellect cannot save a man who persistently neglects to guard his character, and that fame does not always bring happiness.

But Swift was by no means all bad, and his great services to Ireland are still deservedly recognized by that devoted people. He really laid the foundation for their prosperity and may be said to have created constitutional liberty for them.

It is, however, as a wit and a writer that Swift is now chiefly famous. Many are the stories told of his readiness in repartee, his bright sallies in conversation, and of his skill in quick and caustic rhyming. It is said that one day, when traveling in the south of Ireland, he stopped to give

his horse water at a brook which crossed the road; a gentleman of the neighborhood halted for the same purpose, and saluted him, a courtesy which was politely returned. They parted, but the gentleman, struck by the dean's figure, sent his servant to inquire who the man was. The messenger rode up to the dean and said, "Please, sir, master would be obliged if you would tell him who you are."

"Willingly," replied the dean. "Tell your master that I am the person that bowed to him when we were giving our horses water at the brook yonder."

Swift's interests lay rather with the common people than with the Irish aristocracy, who, he thought, were arrant "grafters." Of one in particular he said,

"So great was his bounty—
He erected a bridge—at the expense of the county."

The last thing Swift wrote was an epigram. It was in almost the final lucid interval between periods of insanity that he was riding in the park with his physician. As they drove along, Swift saw, for the first time, a building that had recently been put up.

"What is that?" he inquired.

"That," said the physician, "is the new magazine in which are stored arms and powder for the defence of the city."

"Oh!" said the dean, pulling out his note-

book. "Let me take an item of that; this is worth remarking: 'My tablets!' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets! Memory put down that.' " Then he scribbled the following lines, the last he ever penned:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

With the exception of *Gulliver's Travels*, very little that Dean Swift wrote is now read by anyone but students.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

INTRODUCTION

ULLIVER'S TRAVELS was published in 1726 and without any allusion to the real author, though many knew that the work must have come from the pen of Dean Swift. Though the dean was habitually secretive in what he did, he had some reason for not wishing to say in public that he had written so bitter a satire on the government and on mankind.

The work was immediately popular, not only in the British Isles but on the Continent as well. No such form of political satire had ever appeared, and every one was excited over its possibilities. Not all parts of the work were considered equally good; some parts were thought to be failures, and the Fourth Voyage was as a whole deservedly unpopular. The Voyages to Lilliput and to Brobdingnag were considered the best, and to them is to be attributed the greater part of the author's fame.

Lemuel Gulliver is represented as a British sailor who had been educated as a doctor but whose wandering instincts led him back to the sea. On his return from his voyages he writes the account of his adventures; and the manner in which this account is written is so masterly that we almost believe the things he tells.

In describing the manners, customs, and governments of the several countries, he shows in his inimitable way the weakness of his king, prince, nobles, government and mankind in general.

While the scholar and the man of affairs may still be interested in the political significance of what is said and in a study of the keen knowledge of human nature shown by the writer, yet it is principally as a story that the work is now popular. Everybody enjoys reading about the wonderful people who existed only in the imagination of the great dean of Saint Patrick's.

In this volume are printed some of the most enjoyable parts of the first and second voyages. About the only changes from the original text are in the omission of those passages which contribute nothing to the narrative or which for other reasons it seems inadvisable to reprint. These omissions put the real fictitious narrative into so small a compass that children will be entertained from beginning to end.

The *Voyage to Lilliput* was directed against the policy of the English Court during the reign of George I. The real differences between the parties were trifling; not more, to Swift's idea, than that between *High-heels* and *Low-heels* in the court of Lilliput; and the controversies between the churches were not greater than those between the *Big-endians* and the *Little-endians*. As the Prince of Wales was thought to favor a union of parties, he was typified in the heir-apparent of Lilliput who wore one shoe with a high heel and one with a low heel. This explanation

will give an idea of the nature of Swift's milder satire.

The *Voyage to Brobdingnag* advocates the principles then held by the Tory party in England and attacks those of the Whigs.

The *Voyage to Laputa*, from which we give no selections, was not generally understood and hence was not popular. Its chief purpose was to ridicule the proceedings of the Royal Society, but Swift was not well enough acquainted with music and some of the other sciences fostered by the Society to attack them to advantage.

The *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms* was a bitter screed against mankind, and is in many respects disgusting. It showed Swift's venom against the world and something of the approach of the malady which finally hurried him into insanity.

The following selections are somewhat condensed from the original story, chiefly by the omission of passages of no interest to people of to-day.

ADVENTURES IN LILLIPUT

I. The Arrival

WE set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures; let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent

storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.[1] By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth: and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile

1. *Van Diemen's Land* is the old name for Tasmania, an island off the coast of Australia.

before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight.

I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upward; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended mine eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending mine eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind

(as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul." The others repeated the same words several times; but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness.

At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac;" when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and

some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff[2] jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned that, before the

2. *Buff* is the name given to a kind of leather, made originally of buffalo hide, but later of the skins of other animals.

principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "Langro dehul san" (these words and the former were afterward repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator; and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both mine eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabi-

tants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "Hekinah degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach mivolah;" and

when they saw the vessels in the air there was an universal shout of "Hekinah degul."

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backward and forward on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to mine eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forward; which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed

by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed.

I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon, I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words "Peplom selan," and I felt great numbers of the people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added

to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterward assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

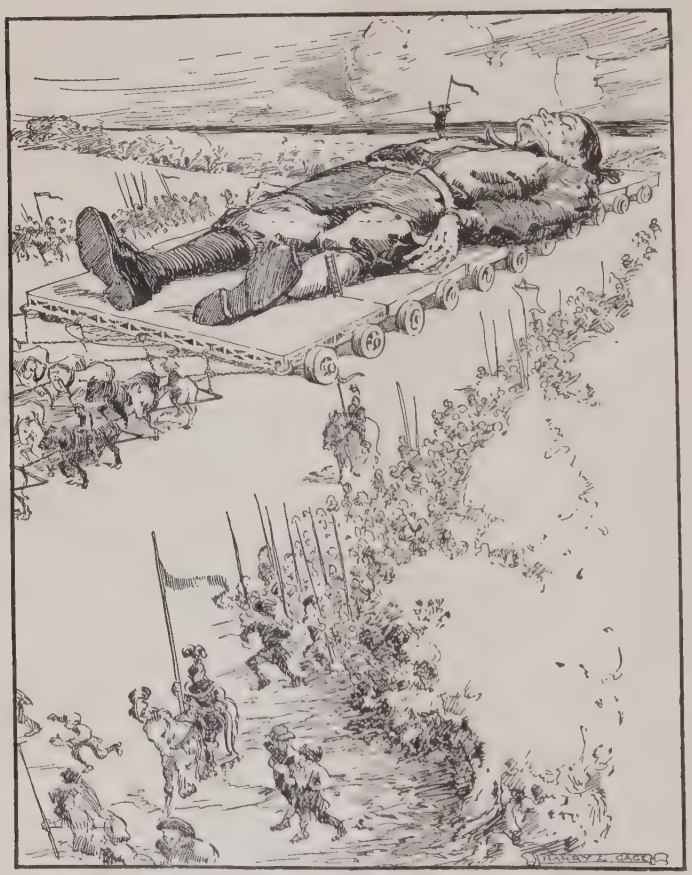
It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines

fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines, three or four hundred yards, to the sea.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.



GULLIVER'S JOURNEY TO THE METROPOLIS

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into

the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part of that day,[3] and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked on as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four

3. Notice the skill with which Swift adjusts all things to his tiny Lilliputians. The half-mile journey would have been but a few minutes' walk for Gulliver, but the six-inch men and the four-and-one-half-inch horses spent almost a day and a half in covering the distance.

foot high, and about two foot wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with thirty-six padlocks.

Over against this temple, on t'other side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted upon my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backward and forward in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

II. Imprisonment

WHEN I found myself on my feet I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty foot square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,[4] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater.

The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback toward me, which had like to have cost him dear, for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle while his majesty had time to dismount.

When he alighted he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in sorts of vehicles upon wheels till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten

4. *Stang* is an old name for a pole, or perch, sixteen and one-half feet.

with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught. The empress and young princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs, but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse they alighted and came near his person, which I am now going to describe.

He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which is alone enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old,[5] of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held

5. Swift uses his reducing imagination even on the time, perceiving that it would not seem natural for his tiny manikins to have as long lives as the "man mountain" on which they gazed with such wonder.

his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground embroidered with figures of gold and silver.

His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca,[6] but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the

6. *Lingua Franca* was the name given to a mixed dialect used in some parts of the Mediterranean coasts as means of communication between people of different nationalities. It consisted largely of corrupted Italian words.

colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear, for looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight, during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds sewn together made up the breadth and length, and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough

for one who had been so long inured to hardships as I.

In the meantime the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterward assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me.

In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them, being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them, very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of

THE EMPEROR VISITS GULLIVER

the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and, lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guard, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort: and the first words I learned were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty; which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects.

He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This, I delivered part in words and part in signs.

He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from

me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs,[7] and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse.

These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

"*Imprimis*,[8] in the right coat pocket of the great man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a footcloth for your majesty's chief room of state.

"In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us, stepping into

7. In England this word means not the ribbon or guard which hangs from a watch, but the small pocket in the waistband of the trousers, in which the watch is carried.

8. *Imprimis* is a word from the Latin, and means *in the first place.*

't, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof, flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

"In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white, thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands.

"In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

"In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of.

"In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round, flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

"In the left pocket were two black pillars irreg-

ularly shaped; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white, round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly), that he seldom did anything with-

out consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.

"From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFREN FRELOCK, MARSI FRELOCK."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He

first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise: for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six foot from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars: by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover

I LET OFF MY PISTOL

himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded

GULLIVER'S WATCH IS BORNE AWAY

two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not perfectly understand them.

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuffbox, my handkerchief, and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective,[9] and several other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and,

9. *Perspective* is an old name for a telescope.

if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and which had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.[10]

10. Can you see any reason for introducing this long account of the finding of Gulliver's hat? We have grown accustomed, in the pages past, to thinking of the Lilliputians in contrast with Gulliver, but does it not give us a new idea of their diminutive size to see them thus contrasted with Gulliver's hat?

III. The War with Blefuscu

I HAD sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion.[11] However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself.

These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two undersecretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have

11. *Complexion* here means *disposition*.

wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) of private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon.

"For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home,

and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons[12] past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower, at least by a *drurr*, than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency toward the high heels; at least we can plainly discover one of his heels higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.

"Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we

12. These little people measure time by *moons* or months, rather than by the longer division of years.

have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon or one of the stars; because it is certain that an hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions; besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu; which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for thirty-six moons past. It began upon the following occasion:

"It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon, the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown.

"These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered

death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the blundecral (which is their Alcoran).[13] This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers shall break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine.

"Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for thirty-six moons with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous

13. The Alcoran, or, as it is more commonly called, the Koran, is the Mohammedan Bible.

fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the northeast of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed, of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high-water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six foot of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most.

I walked toward the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu, and, lying down behind a

hillock, took out my small pocket perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water.

I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle, about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frighted when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an ex-

pedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the bold part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the oint-

GULLIVER TAKES THE ENEMY'S FLEET

ment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for, the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of the enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested that I would never be an instrument of bringing

a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open, bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty that he could never forgive it. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader.

IV. The Escape and the Return

EFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat pocket; and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sate down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is much increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high treasurer, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

I took the opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave

I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses; the empress and ladies from their coaches; and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress' hand. I told his majesty that I was come, according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive

that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately toward the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen under the command of the vice-admiral.

This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war, but I found all my labor to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favoring me, I advanced so far that I could

GULLIVER BRINGS IN THE DRIFTING BOAT

just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my armpits, and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships,

and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and, by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days' making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me some place from whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables by twisting ten, twenty or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some

of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts; wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace: I lay on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of an hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And, to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing which the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I

was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the northwest. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and, heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the northeast of Van Diemen's Land.[14]

I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient,[15] and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of

14. Australia is a short distance from Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land. There are no islands to the northeast for a long distance.

15. *Ancient* is an old word for *ensign*.

once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions.

The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of thirty degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosper-

ous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe on shore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary; neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others; and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woolen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

I. Among the Giants

HAVING been condemned, by nature and fortune, to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat.

We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together; during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands,[16] and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm; whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following; for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon,[17] began to set in, and soon it was a very fierce storm.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-southwest, we were carried,

16. They could not really have been driven to the east of the Molucca Islands without passing Sumatra, Java, Borneo or other islands.

17. *Monsoons* are winds that blow part of the year in one direction, and the rest of the year in the opposite direction.

by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest parts of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the longboat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could.

When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down toward the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship.

I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had got the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterward told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay was above twenty foot high.

I fell into a highroad, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty foot. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty foot high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six foot high, and the upper stone above twenty.

I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing toward the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came toward him with reaping hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay.

I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed

that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and willfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations.

In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded forever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to

me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it may not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England.

At length he ventured to take me up behind, by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty foot from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and

to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in; for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head toward my sides; letting him know as well as I could how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I supposed by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterward learned, whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me? He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up,

and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away.

They all sate down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow toward the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterward turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles[18] each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid

18. A *pistole* is equivalent to about four dollars.

his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled, and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and for fear of falling laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house.

There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

II. Adventures in the Farmer's Home

IT was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman), in a dish of about twenty-four foot diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty foot high from

the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side: but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall.

But advancing forward toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sate next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the

same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But, being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner my mistress' favorite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head I found it proceeded from the purring of this animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty foot off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain

way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me.

I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me toward the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head in his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist.

The vast creatures are not deformed: for I must do them the justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he was but

THE BABY SEIZES GULLIVER

a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty foot, appeared very well-proportioned.

When dinner was done my master went out to his laborers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving

she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred foot wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. I wished to get down, but durst not presume to call; and if I had it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept.

While I was under these circumstances two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backward and forward on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger[19] to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the

19. *Hanger* is the name given to a kind of short, broad sword which was formerly carried.

bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck I thoroughly despatched it.[20]

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in

20. Gulliver told how, as he was returning from Lilliput, an ordinary rat carried off a Lilliputian sheep; here he tells of rats large enough to kill and eat a man. It is by such violent contrasts as these that Swift impresses on us the difference in size between the Lilliputians and the giants.

presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travelers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skillful in dressing her baby.[21] Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. She made me seven shirts and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language; when I pointed to anything she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for what-

21. That is, her doll.

ever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty foot high, being little for her age. I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse, and I should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection toward me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves.

A most ingenious artist, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber, of sixteen foot square, and twelve high, with sash windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bedchamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed, ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it.

III. Adventures at the Royal Court

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in a smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember the queen's dwarf followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grassplot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and

when I was down the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme; but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, where my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the gardens, with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog following the scent came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me

well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons.

Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all

afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would turn back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I

answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room.

But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred foot long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my busi-

A GALE WITH THEIR FANS

ness was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch

always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

One time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in it hopped at once half the length of the boat; and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to

look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the further corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and, reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length caught hold of the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country cloth, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right forefoot, and held me, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it, whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he

was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was so weak and bruised in the sides by the squeezes given me by this odious animal that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The

GULLIVER AND THE KING

king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery,

to return him thanks for his favors, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach? He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country.

I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavor doing himself honor among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own be-

havior very frequent in England since my return; where a little, contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.[22]

IV. A Wonderful Escape

I had always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders that if at any time another appeared it should be taken ashore, and, with all its crew and passengers, brought in a tumbrel to the capital. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favorite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without fear of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

22. Gulliver's hatred of mankind betrays him, even in the midst of his mildest satire, into such sharp, biting remarks as this.

I had now been two years in the country; and about the beginning of the third Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my traveling-box, a very convenient closet of twelve foot wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears,

as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen.

The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, toward the rocks on the seashore.[23] I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful, melancholy look toward the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts.

Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked toward my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive

23. Here again we have a striking contrast—the "half an hour's walk" of eighteen miles set over against the day and a half's ride of one-half mile in Lilliput.

the woeful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enable him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such, I am certain, it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of my windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in it, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated above five foot deep in water. I did then, and do now, suppose that the eagle, which flew away with my box, was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he was defending himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened

at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got, with much difficulty, out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof, already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that, in the midst of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travelers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed in pieces, or, at least, overset by the first violent blast, or a rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires, placed on the outside, against accidents in traveling. I saw water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavored to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on top of

it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

There were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole waved it several times in the air, that, if any boat or ship were near, the

seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in this box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three foot higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, if there be anybody below, let them speak.

I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn, by ill fortune, into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship, and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and

take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and, in a few minutes, sawed a passage about four foot square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest, worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need.

Before I went to sleep I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock—an handsome field bed—two chairs—a table—and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted with silk and cotton; that, if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me), he prom-

ised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterward found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights.[24] And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had

24. *To rights* means *directly.*

a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short; that, upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his longboat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing that they had seen a swimming house; that he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his man to take a strong cable along with them; that the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them; that he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three foot. He said they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity.

I asked whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? To which he answered, that discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying toward the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size; which, I suppose, must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not

guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain how far he reckoned we might be from land? He said by the best computation he could make, we were, at least, an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon, he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided.

I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions; for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe on shore at the first port where we arrived. He added that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterward to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behavior while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational

minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candor and veracity.

But further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was a comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp's stings, like joiner's tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honor's toe; it was the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's

tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskillful surgeon in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it in my cabinet. It was about a foot long and four inches in diameter.

The captain wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud; asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing? I told him it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I wondered as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand.

I told him I had likewise observed another thing, that, when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most contemptible little creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself.

The captain said that while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort

of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain.

I answered, it was very true: and I wondered how I could forbear when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nutshell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness as people do at their own faults.

The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and continuing in his mirth, protested, that he would have gladly given a hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterward in its fall from so great a height into the sea, which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages; and the comparison of Phaëthon[21] was so

25. *Phaethon* was, according to Greek mythology, the son of Apollo, the sun god. One day he prevailed upon his father to allow him to mount the chariot of the sun and drive the white cloud-horses across the heavens. He was unable to guide his steeds, however, and they worked great havoc by dragging the sun up and down and from one side of the sky to the other. Finally, Jupiter, hurled the youth into a river.

obvious that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

We came into the Downs on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveler I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife, "she had been too thrifty, for I

found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding; but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

MICHAEL DRAYTON[1]

Fair stood the wind for France,[2]
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.[3]

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt[4]
In happy hour,—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power,

1. Michael Drayton was an English poet who lived from 1563 to 1631. Little is known of his life beyond the fact that he served as a page in the household of some nobleman, and that he tried in vain to gain the patronage of King James I. This *Ballad of Agincourt* is one of the finest of the English martial ballads.

2. From 1337 to 1453 the French and the English were engaged in a series of struggles to which the name of *The Hundred Years' War* has been given. The cause of the conflict was the attempt of the English kings to establish their rule over France.

3. This was Henry V, king of England from 1413 to 1422. He was a general of great ability, and the battle described in this ballad was one of his chief victories.

4. The English army numbered but 14,000, while the French were about 50,000 strong. Henry, to save his men, was willing to make terms

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;

with the French, who, however, demanded unconditional surrender. The two armies met for battle near the little village of Agincourt.

Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers[5] and Cressy[6] tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is

5. The Battle of Poitiers was fought in 1356. The English under the Black Prince, son of Edward III of England, defeated the French under King John, though the French outnumbered them more than five to one.

6. In the Battle of Cressy, which was fought in 1346, 35,000 English under King Edward III defeated 75,000 French under Philip VI. About 30,000 of the French army were slain.

Than when our grandsire[7] great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."[8]

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward[9] led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,—
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,—
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;

7. The great-grandfather of Henry V was Edward III, the hero of the early part of the Hundred Years' War.

8. The lily, or fleur-de-lis, is the national flower of France. *Lopped the French lilies* is a poetical way of saying *defeated the French.*

9. *Vaward* is an old word for *vanward*, or *advance-guard.*

When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes[10] drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,[11]
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiséd his helmet.

10. *Bilboes* is a poetical word for *swords*.
11. To *ding* is to *strike*.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,—
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's[12] day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry!

12. Crispin was a Christian saint who suffered martyrdom in the third century. The 25th of October was made sacred to him. It was on Saint Crispin's day, 1415, that the Battle of Agincourt was fought.

SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE PAST

GRACE E. SELLON

PROBABLY somewhere about your home, put away so far from sight that you never think of them any more, are some of the A B C books and the alphabet blocks and the brightly colored story books about horses, dogs and other familiar animals that used to amuse you when you were just learning to say the alphabet and to spell a few three-letter words. Perhaps you can remember how much you liked to have the stories read to you and how much fun there was in repeating your A B C's when you could point out the big, colored letters in your book or on your blocks. But have you ever thought that you were any more fortunate than other children of other ages in having these interesting things to help you? Have you ever wondered whether, far back in history before our country was discovered and settled by white men, boys and girls had the same kinds of picture books and drawing-slates, alphabet games and other playthings that used to delight you in the days when you were going to kindergarten or learning your first simple lessons from your mother?

If you have never thought enough about this matter to ask some older person about it, you

will find the lesson books and story books used by children of even a hundred years ago very curious. Suppose we go farther back, to 1620, the year of the Mayflower, let us say. You could never imagine what a child then living in England was given to learn his letters from. As soon as he was able to remember the first little things that children are taught, his mother would fasten to his belt a string from which was suspended what she would call his *hornbook*. This was not at all what we think of to-day as a book, for it was made of a piece of cardboard covered on one side with a thin sheet of horn, and surrounded by a frame with a handle. Through the covering of horn the little boy could see the alphabet written on the cardboard in both large and small letters. After these would come rows of syllables to help him in learning to pronounce simple combinations of sounds. Probably last on the sheet there would be the Lord's Prayer, which he must be taught to say without a mistake. As he went about he could easily take up his hornbook once in a while and say over to himself the letters and the rows of syllables. Sometimes—especially if he had been obedient and had studied well—he was given a hornbook made of gingerbread; and then, of course, he would find that the tiresome lines of letters had all at once become very attractive.

The hornbook must have done its work well, or at least no better way of teaching the alphabet had been found when the Puritans came to

CHILDREN WITH HORNBOOKS

America, for it was not many years before little folks in the New World were being taught from the famous *New England Primer*, which joined to what had been in the hornbook a catechism and various moral teachings. With its rude illustrations and its dry contents, this little book would probably be laughed at by school-children of to-day, if they did not stop to think how very

many of the writers, statesmen and soldiers who have made our country great learned their first lessons from its pages. Somewhere between 1687 and 1690 it was first published, and for a hundred years from that time it was the schoolbook found in almost every New England home and classroom.

Can you imagine what kind of reading lessons were in this primer? If you think they were like the lively little stories and the pleasing verses printed in your readers, you will be a good deal surprised to find that they are stern and gloomy tales that were meant to frighten children into being good, rather than to entertain them.

First of all in the little book came the alphabet and the lists of syllables, as in the hornbook. There was this difference, however. At the beginning of the first line of letters in the hornbooks was placed a cross, as the symbol of Christianity, and from this fact the first line was called the *Christ-cross*, or *criss-cross row*. But the Puritans strictly kept the cross out of the *Primer*, for to them it stood in a disagreeable way for the older churches from which they had separated themselves.

Then came a series of sentences from the Bible teaching moral lessons and illustrating the use of the letters of the alphabet, one being made prominent in each verse. The Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed might appear next, followed by twenty-four alphabet rhymes with accompanying pictures. Most of these verses

were upon Bible subjects, as in the case of the letter *R*, for example, illustrated by the lines:

"Young pious Ruth
Left all for Truth."

One of the best-loved rhymes was one put into the series after the Revolution to stir the pride of every young American by reminding him that

"Great Washington brave
His country did save."

In the pages that followed were to be found an illustrated poem telling of the awful fate of John Rogers, burned at the stake while his wife and their ten children looked on, and a dialogue between Christ, a youth and the devil, in which the youth was finally overcome by Satan's temptations.

This story of the terrifying fate of the youth was placed after the shorter Westminster catechism, possibly as a warning to all children who would not obey their religious teachings. The one hundred seven questions of the catechism must be answered correctly, even though the five-syllable words were even harder to understand than to pronounce.

Religious songs and pictures and descriptions of good and of bad children were also scattered through the book, and in some copies is to be found the little prayer beginning: "Now I lay me down to sleep," which was probably published for the first time in the *Primer*.

As the years went on, pictures and verses and little articles about the objects of nature and the everyday things that children are interested in began to take the place of the Bible verses and subjects; and at length when people saw how well children liked this new way of teaching, better books than the *Primer* took its place.

While the young folks in New England families were thus being warned in story and verse against the awful temptations that lay all around them, the children in old England were being entertained by popular penny-books that treated of all kinds of subjects, from the *History of Joseph and his Brothers* to *The old Egyptian Fortune Teller's Last Legacy.* These books were of a size scarcely larger than that of the letter-paper made for little folks, and they contained usually from sixteen to twenty-four pages. Illustrations that looked a good deal like the pictures made by a small boy in his schoolbooks adorned the rough little volumes.

In every city and town and even in the villages peddlers went along the streets selling these chapbooks, as they were called. Imagine how the children, and the grown people too, must have flocked around the peddler as he began taking out one after another of his queer little books, for he had something to please every one. The boys might choose stories like *The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram*, *A Wonderful and Strange Relation of a Sailor* or *The True Tale of Robin Hood*, and we can see them almost getting into a brawl over the possession of *The*

Merry Life and Mad Exploits of Captain James Hind, the Great Robber of England. Probably the girls would choose *Patient Grissel*, *The History of Mother Bunch* or *Cinderella.* For the small children there were, for example, the *History of Two Children in the Wood*, *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner* and *Tom Thumb.* Most likely it was only the pennies of much-tried mothers and fathers that were spent for *A Timely Warning to Rash and Disobedient Children.*

The chapman or peddler we may well believe did not stand silently looking on as he disposed of his stock. He had at the tip of his tongue such a fair-sounding advertisement for every book that everybody, young and old, came under the spell of his words and bought of his wares.

After he had departed with his traveling library, we can picture the children taking themselves off to quiet places with their new chapbooks. Perhaps you are wondering why it was that they were so eager to read them. If so, you may like to look into a few of these rare old story books. As you read, notice how quaint the wording seems when compared with that of the stories of to-day.

(Extract from *The History of Tom Long the Carrier.*)

As Tom Long the Carrier was travelling between Dover and Westchester, he fortuned to pass something near a House, where was kept a great Mastiff Dog, who, as soon as he espied

Tom, came running open-mouthed at him, and so furiously assaulted him, as if he meant to devour him at a bite. But Tom, having in his Hand a good Pikestaff, most valiantly defended himself like a Man, and to withstand the danger he thrust the Pike-end of his Staff into his Throat and so killed him. Whereupon the Owner thereof, seeing the Dog lost, comes earnestly unto Tom, and between threatening and chiding, asking him why he struck him not with the great End of the staff. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'because your Dog runs not at me with his tail.'

(Extract from *The Kentish Miracle, or, A Seasonable Warning to all Sinners.*) Shewn in the Wonderful Relation of one Mary Moore whose Husband died some time ago, and left her with two children, and who was reduced to great want. How she wandered about the Country asking relief and went two Days without any Food—How the Devil appeared to her and the many great offers he made her to deny Christ and enter into his service, and how she confounded Satan by powerful Argument. How she came to a well of water when she fell down on her knees to pray to God that He would give that Vertue to the Water that it might refresh and satisfy her Children's Hunger, with an Account how an Angel appeared to her, and relieved her, also declared many Things that shall happen in the Month of March next. Shewing likewise what strange and surprising Accidents

shall happen by means of the present War, and concerning a dreadful Earthquake, etc.)

(Extract from *A Timely Warning to Rash and Disobedient Children.*)

As this Child went to School one Day
Through the Churchyard she took her Way
When lo, the Devil came and said
Where are you going to, my pretty Maid
To School I am going Sir, said she
Pish, Child, don't mind the same saith he,
But haste to your Companions dear
And learn to lie and curse and swear.
They bravely spend their Time in Play
God they don't value—no, not they.
It is a Fable, Child, he cry'd
At which his cloven Foot she spy'd.
I'm sure there is a God, saith she
Who from your Power will keep me free,
And if you should this Thing deny
Your cloven Foot gives you the Lie.
Satan, avaunt, hence, out of hand,
In Name of Jesus I command.
At which the Devil instantly
In Flames of Fire away did fly.

(Extract from *Wonder of Wonders*, being a strange and wonderful Relation of a Mermaid that was seen and spoke with by one John Robinson, Mariner, who was tossed on the Ocean for 6 Days and Nights. All the other Mariners perished.)

He was in great Fear and dreadful Fright in

the main Ocean . . . . . but to his great Amazement he espy'd a beautiful young Lady combing her Head and toss'd on the Billows, cloathed all in green (but by chance he got the first Word from her). Then She with a Smile came on Board and asked how he did. The young Man, being Something Smart and a Scholar reply'd—Madam, I am the better to see you in good Health, in great hopes trusting you will be a Comfort and Assistance to me in this my low Condition: and so caught hold of her Comb and Green Girdle that was about her Waist. To which she reply'd, Sir, you ought not to rob a young Woman of her Riches and then expect a Favour at her Hands, but if you will give me my Comb and Girdle again, what lies in my Power, I will do for you. She presents him with a Compass, told him to steer S. W., made an Appointment for following Friday, and jumped in the sea. He arrives safely home, and while musing on his promise She appeared to him with a smiling Countenance, and (by his Misfortune) she got the first Word of him, so that he could not speak one Word and was quite Dumb, and she began to sing, after which she departed, taking from him the Compass. She took a Ring from her Finger and gave him. (The young man went home, fell ill and died 5 days after), to the wonderful Admiration of all People who saw the young Man.

After the eighteenth century the chapbooks gradually went out of favor, and since then in

England, as in America, more and more careful attention has been given to writing good stories for children and printing these attractively. These better books could not have come, however, had it not been that for generation after generation crude little primers and storybooks, such as the interesting kinds that have been described, helped to point out to people, little by little, how to make children's reading both instructive and pleasing.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Of this poem, Newman has written: "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. At last I got off on an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, *Lead, Kindly Light*, which have since become well known."

Again, he has said: "This is one full of light, rejoicing in suffering with our Lord. This is what those who like *Lead, Kindly Light* must come to—they have to learn it."

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost the while.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadows of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.
Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.
No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.
And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said!

* From *Home-Folks*, by James Whitcomb Riley. Used by special permission of the publishers—*The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

KING ARTHUR

I. ARTHUR MADE KING

UTHER Pendragon was one of the kings who ruled in Britain so long ago that many marvelous legends have sprung up about him and his more famous son, Arthur. They lived in the days when magicians and witches were believed to be common, and the stories of the time are filled with deeds of magic and with miraculous events.

Merlin was the greatest of magicians, and it was only by his power that King Uther won the wife he wanted and that his son was protected and nurtured during his childhood and youth. Many of the knights of King Uther aspired to his throne, and so to protect the baby Arthur, Merlin carried him to the good knight Sir Ector, who brought him up with his own son Kay; but none knew that the boy was Uther's son.

When Arthur had grown to be a tall, manly youth and was skilled in the use of arms, the Archbishop of Canterbury called together all the men-at-arms and the great ladies of the land, for Merlin had declared that at Christmas-tide great wonders should be done. King Uther had been long dead, and there was much wrangling over his successor, although he had declared on his death bed that his son Arthur was living and should reign in his stead.

From all sides, barons, knights and ladies, with long retinues of servants, crowded into London and gathered into the greatest church. When the people came forth from the service there was seen in the churchyard a great marble stone, four square, and having in the midst of it a steel anvil a foot high. Through the middle of this anvil a beautiful sword was sticking, with the point projecting beyond. Around the sword in letters of gold was written,

"WHOSO PULLETH THIS SWORD OUT OF THIS STONE AND ANVIL IS THE TRUE-BORN KING OF BRITAIN."

The excitement was great and for some time difficult to quell, for every man who hoped to be king wished to be the first to try to draw the sword; but the Archbishop arranged the men in order, and one after another they made their attempts. Not even the strongest man in the kingdom could move the sword the fraction of a single inch.

When it became certain that no one could draw the sword, the Archbishop set ten knights to guard it and decreed that on New Year's Day the people should meet for other attempts; in the meantime, word should be sent abroad that all in the kingdom might know of the marvelous sword and the reward that awaited the successful knight. A great tournament was called and many rich prizes were offered.

Among those who came to the jousts were Sir Ector and his son, Sir Kay, and the young man

KING ARTHUR

Arthur, not yet a knight. In the morning when they rode to the field where the multitude were gathered to watch the jousting, Sir Kay discovered that he had left his sword at his lodgings.

"Arthur, I beg you to ride back and bring me my sword," said Sir Kay.

Arthur willingly rode back, but when he came to the lodging he could not enter, because every one had gone out to see the jousting. Arthur loved Sir Kay dearly, and could not bear to think of his brother being kept out of the tourney because he had no sword. And so, as he rode by the churchyard and saw the magic sword unguarded in the stone, he thought how fine a weapon it would be for Sir Kay.

"How fortunate that the guards have gone to see the tourney. I'll take this sword to Kay," he said.

When Arthur laid his hand on the jewelled hilt the sword came free from its resting place, and the boy bore it joyously to his brother.

As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he knew it was the one that had been in the magic stone. Hastily riding to Sir Ector he said, "See, here is the sword of the stone. It must be that I am to be king."

Sir Ector answered, "Give me the weapon and come with me to the church."

Together with Arthur they rode to the church, and all three alighted from their horses and saw that the sword was gone from the stone.

"Now, my son, swear by the holy book to tell me honestly how you got the sword."

"My brother Arthur brought it to me—this I swear," said Sir Kay.

"How did you get this sword?" said Sir Ector, turning to Arthur.

"Sir," said Arthur, "when I could not find my brother's sword and returned by this place I saw the sword sticking in the stone. So I came and pulled at it and it yielded easily, and I took it to Sir Kay, for I would not have my brother swordless."

"Were there any knights about the stone?" asked Sir Ector.

"None," said Arthur.

"Now I understand," said Sir Ector; "you, Arthur, are to be king of Britain."

"Why should I be king of Britain?" asked the boy.

"I know not why, except that God wills it so, for it has been ordained that the man who should draw the sword from the stone is the true-born king of Britain. Now let me see whether you can put the sword where it was and draw it forth again."

"That is not difficult," said Arthur, as he thrust the sword back into the stone.

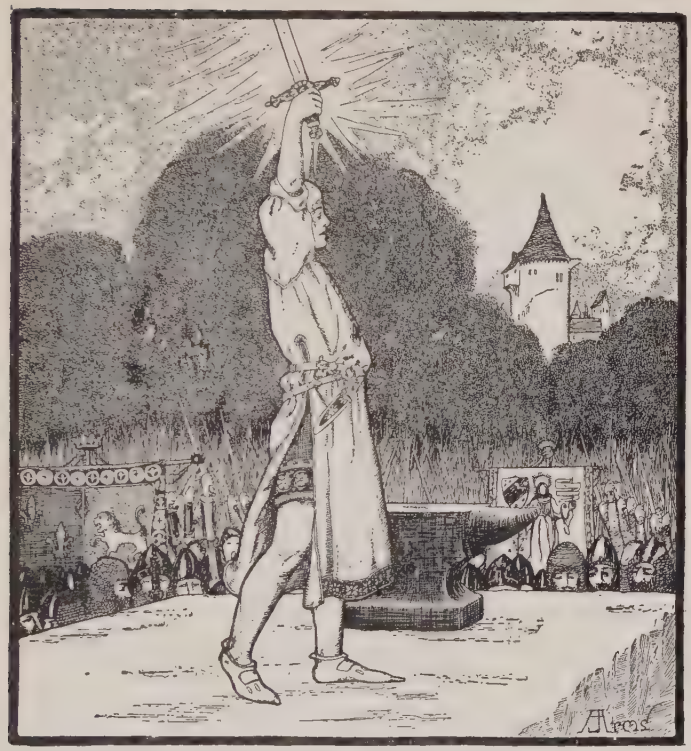
Sir Ector tried to pull it out again, but he could not move it.

"Now you try," he said to Sir Kay.

Although Sir Kay pulled with all his might the sword remained immovable.

"Now you try it," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will," said Arthur, as he grasped the hilt and drew the sword out without any difficulty.



ARTHUR DRAWS THE SWORD

Then Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down before Arthur and said, "Now we know you for our king and swear allegiance to you."

"Now my own dear father, and Kay, my brother, do not kneel to me."

"Arthur," said Sir Ector, "I must now tell you that you are not my son, nor is Sir Kay your brother. I do not know who you are, but I did not think you were of kingly lineage."

Then Arthur wept, for he loved Ector and

Kay as though they were father and brother to him.

"When you are king," asked Sir Ector, "will you be kind to me and my family?"

"Indeed I will," said Arthur, "or I shall be much to blame, for I am more deeply in debt to you than to any other man in all the world, and to your wife, whom I have always thought my mother and who has cared for me as for her own son. If it ever is the will of God that I be king of Britain, ask what you desire and it will be my pleasure to accord it."

The three then went to the Archbishop and told him all that had happened. He counseled them to remain quiet till after the tournament, when Arthur should make the trial in public. At that time, after all had struggled madly to pull out the sword and had failed, Arthur drew it out easily before the astonished eyes of the onlookers.

The barons and knights laughed in derision and said, "Shall Britain be ruled over by a boy? Let us have another trial at Twelfth Day."

At Twelfth Day and at Easter were the trials again held with the same results, but the fierce barons would not recognize Arthur until the people grew angry and shouted, "Arthur is our king. We will have no one but Arthur for our king."

Even the fierce knights who aspired to the throne could not resist the call of the people combined with that of the many barons who sided with Sir Ector. When the Archbishop placed

the crown upon the head of the young king all there did homage to Arthur though many scowled and threatened the life of the new ruler. Arthur did not forget his promises, but made Sir Kay his seneschal and gave broad lands and rich presents to his foster parents.

II. ARTHUR WEDS GUENEVERE. THE ROUND TABLE

RTHUR'S reign began with savage wars with his neighbors and with sedition and rebellion in his kingdom. In every conflict he was successful, and every victory made him friends, for he was a noble man and administered his affairs with justice to all.

Moreover, he cut roads through the forests and made it possible for his husbandmen to cultivate the lands without danger from wild beasts or fear of marauders. He established justice everywhere so that even the poor felt sure of his protection. If treachery or oppression appeared among his nobles he punished them severely, but he forgave personal injuries freely.

Many of the rulers of petty kingdoms near Arthur had occasion to bless him for brave assistance, and among them was Leodegrance, king of Cameliard, whom Arthur, in a fierce battle in which ten thousand men were slain, freed from the tyranny of King Rience. After the battle, Leodegrance entertained Arthur and his friends at a great feast, at which Guenevere,

THE WEDDING OF ARTHUR AND GUENEVERE

the beautiful young daughter of the host, served the table. At the sight of the fair maid Arthur's heart was won, and ever after he loved her faithfully.

Merlin, the great magician, had always been the friend and counselor of Arthur, and to his sound advice and wonderful enchantments the king was indebted for much of his power and renown. Before Arthur proposed to marry Guenevere, he took counsel of Merlin, who

looked sorrowful and dismayed at the young king's words.

"If indeed your heart is set on the fair Guenevere, you may not change it. Yet it had been better for you to have loved another."

Delighted at even this guarded advice Arthur went at once to Leodegrance and asked for the hand of his young daughter. Leodegrance consented with joy, for he loved Arthur greatly, and welcomed him as a son-in-law.

In the great cathedral of Canterbury the two were married by the Archbishop, while without, the people reflected in wild celebrations the joys of the king and his fair bride.

Among the gifts which King Arthur received was one from King Leodegrance which pleased him most. "This gift," said Leodegrance, "is the Table Round which King Uther Pendragon gave to me and around which can sit a hundred and fifty knights. This table the great Merlin made, as he made also the hundred and fifty sieges which surround it."

The day of his marriage Arthur chose one hundred and twenty-eight knights to found his famous Order of the Round Table, and to each he gave one of the sieges or carved chairs, upon the back of which, as each knight took his seat, appeared his name in magical letters of gold. Soon all the seats were filled excepting one, the Siege Perilous, in which no man might sit under peril of his life, unless he were blameless and free from all sin. When by death or otherwise any of the other sieges became vacant,

a new knight was chosen to occupy it, and the magic letters changed to spell his name.

Camelot, the lordly castle of Arthur, with its vast halls and beautiful grounds, was all raised by Merlin's magic power without the aid of human hands. Here at Christmas, at Easter and at Pentecost great festivals were held, and Arthur's knights would gather to feast, to joust in tournament and to tell the stories of the wonderful adventures which had befallen them since the last meeting; and great was their knightly pleasure in these gatherings.

III. ARTHUR AND PELLINORE

ONE day Arthur dressed himself in his best armor, mounted his best horse and rode forth alone to seek adventure. He had started before dawn and had ridden slowly along. Just at daybreak he saw Merlin running toward him in deadly peril, for three fierce vagabonds brandishing huge clubs were close at his heels. Arthur rode toward the robbers, and they turned and fled at the sight of an armed knight.

"O, Merlin," said Arthur, "this time certainly you would have been killed in spite of your magic if I had not appeared to rescue you."

"No," said Merlin, "I could have saved myself if I had wished; but you are nearer death than I am, for now you are certainly traveling toward death unless God befriend you."

Arthur asked the magician what he meant, but the wily man would give no explanation. However, he turned and accompanied Arthur.

As they rode along they came across a beautiful wayside spring, near which, under a wide-spreading tree, a rich tent was set. In front of it sat a sturdy knight full armed for battle.

"Sir Knight," said Arthur, "why do you sit here in full armor thus watching the road?"

"It is my custom," said the knight, "and no man may pass by unless he fight with me."

"That is a vile custom," said the king, "and I bid you give it up."

"That will I not do," said the knight. "If any man does not like my custom, let him change it."

"I will change it," said Arthur.

"I will defend myself," answered the knight.

Then the knight arose, took shield and spear, mounted the war-horse tethered near and rode at Arthur, who spurred his horse to meet the shock. They came together with such force that their horses were thrown back upon their haunches and their spears were shivered against their shields. Arthur recovered himself and pulled out his sword.

"No, no," said the knight, "I pray you let us fight again with spears. It is the fairer way."

"I would be very willing," assented Arthur, "if I had another spear."

"But I have spears for both," declared the knight, as he called to a squire to bring him two good spears.

When the weapons were brought Arthur selected one and the knight took the other. Drawing apart they again charged together, and again their spears were both broken at the hand. Again Arthur put his hand to his sword, but the knight protested a second time.

"Nay, not so," he said, "for the honor of our knighthood let us joust once more. You are the strongest knight and the best jouster I have ever met."

"I am willing," said Arthur, "if you will let me have another spear."

Two more spears were brought—heavy ones such as only the best of knights could handle. Again Arthur chose the one he liked, and again they drew apart.

This time they ran together with greater force than ever, and once more Arther shivered his spear on the shield of his opponent. But this time the spear of the unknown knight struck Arthur's shield full in the center and drove both horse and rider to the earth.

The king sprang free from his horse, recovered his shield, drew his sword and cried, "Now will I fight you on foot, for I have lost the honor on horseback."

"No, I will fight only on horseback," said the knight.

Then Arthur grew very angry and rushed afoot at the knight. Seeing how determined the king was, and thinking it dishonorable to keep his seat while Arthur fought on foot, the knight alighted and dressed his shield against his foe.

Long and fierce was the battle, for both were full of anger and resentment. They charged and fell back; they hacked and hewed until shields and armor were bent and broken in many places. Both were sorely wounded, and the blood ran until the trampled ground was stained with it. Then, out of breath and weary from the terrible exertion, they both rested for a few moments, but they soon began the duel again, rushing together like two fierce wild animals and striking such blows that both were many times brought to their knees. Every time, however, they recovered themselves and renewed the terrific struggle. At last the swords met full in the air, and Arthur's was broken at the hilt.

"Now yield," said the strange knight, "for you are wholly in my power and I can slay or release you as I will. Yield now to me as a recreant knight or I will slay you as you stand."

"As for death," said Arthur, "let it come when it will. I would rather die than shame my manhood by yielding."

And then like lightning Arthur leaped upon the knight, clasped him round the middle and threw him to the ground. But the knight was a powerful man, and throwing Arthur off he hurled him to the ground, struck off his helm and raised his sword to behead the king.

All the time Merlin had stood and watched the fray, but when he saw the deadly peril in which Arthur lay, he called out, "Knight, hold your hand. If you slay this knight you put this

MERLIN SAVES ARTHUR

kingdom in the greatest peril, for this is a more worshipful knight than you dream of."

"Why, who is he?" asked the knight.

"It is King Arthur," Merlin replied.

Then for fear of the revenge the king might take, the knight raised his sword again and would have killed Arthur as he lay, but Merlin cast an enchantment over him and he fell into a deep sleep.

The magician caught up the king and rode forth on the knight's horse.

"Alas!" said Arthur, "what have you done, Merlin? Have you slain this good knight by your crafts? There is no braver knight in the world than he was. I would give half my kingdom if he were alive again."

"Do not trouble yourself," replied Merlin. "He is in less danger than you are, for he lies asleep and will awake whole and refreshed in three hours. I told you how powerful a knight he was, and you would have certainly been slain here if I had not been by to help. This same knight shall live to do you great service."

"Who is the knight?" asked Arthur.

"It is King Pellinore; and he shall have two sons, both of whom shall be good men; and one shall have no equal in strength, courage and goodness."

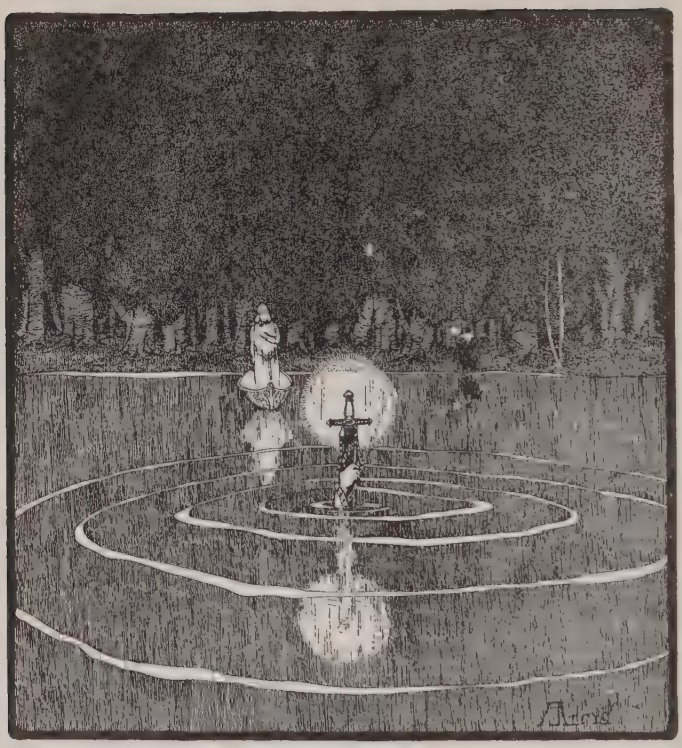
IV. ARTHUR GETS EXCALIBUR

AFTER his battle with King Pellinore, Arthur was three days with a hermit, who by magic salves healed him of his wounds and set him again upon his way.

As they rode along, Arthur turned to Merlin and said, "Behold, I have no sword."

"That does not matter," replied Merlin; "there is a good sword near here that shall be yours if I can get it for you."

They turned aside and rode till they came to a



ARTHUR RECEIVES EXCALIBUR

beautiful little lake, now quiet in the afternoon light. As Arthur looked he saw in the middle of the lake an arm clothed in white samite stretched up and holding in its hand a flashing sword.

"Lo!" said Merlin. "Yonder is the sword of which I spoke."

As Arthur looked he saw a fair maid coming toward him over the water.

"What damsel is that?" he inquired of Merlin.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," answered the

magician. "Speak kindly to her and ask her to give you the sword."

As the beautiful maid came nearer she saluted Arthur and he returned the courtesy.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what rich sword is that which yonder hand holds above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"That is my sword, Excalibur," answered the maid, "and I will give it to you if you will give me a gift when I ask it."

"Right willingly will I give you what you ask, so that I may have the sword."

"Well, take the boat and row yourself out to the sword. When the time comes I will ask the gift."

So Arthur got down from his horse, tied it to a tree and entered the boat. When he had come to the arm Arthur reached up and grasped the sword and scabbard. Immediately both were released, and the white-clothed arm sank back into the waters.

When he returned to the land the maiden had disappeared, and the two rode on their way. Arthur kept looking at his sword, for he admired it very much.

"Which do you prefer," asked Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"I like the sword the better," replied Arthur.

"That is not wise," rejoined the magician. "The scabbard is worth ten of the swords, because while you have the scabbard on you, you cannot lose a drop of blood no matter how severe your wound. Therefore keep the scabbard always by you."

BALIN AND BALAN

WHEN Arthur was at one time in Camelot with his knights, a messenger came to him from Rience, king of North Wales and Ireland, saying, "My Lord, the king Rience has conquered eleven kings, and all of them do homage to him. Moreover, each gave to the king his beard, shaved clean from his face, and my master has used the eleven beards to trim his mantle. One place on the mantle is still vacant, and Rience demands that you send your beard at once to fill the vacant place or he will come with sword and spear, lay waste your land and take your beard and your head with it."

Then was Arthur terribly enraged, and would have killed the messenger on the spot, but that he remembered the knightly usage and spared the herald.

"Now this is the most insulting message ever sent from one man to another. Return to your king and tell him that my beard is yet too young to trim a mantle with, and that, moreover, neither I nor any of my lieges owe him homage. On the other hand I demand homage from him, and unless he render it, I will assemble my knights and take both his head and his kingdom."

THE DAMSEL LET FALL HER MANTLE

The messenger departed, and soon Arthur heard that Rience had invaded the kingdom with a great host, and had slain large numbers of people. Arthur then hurriedly summoned his barons, knights and men-at-arms to meet him at Camelot for council.

When Arthur and his followers had gathered at Camelot a damsel richly clothed in a robe of fur rode among them, and as she came before the king she let fall the mantle from her shoul-

ders, and lo! there was girt at her side a noble sword.

Arthur wondered, and said, "Why do you come before me in this unseemly manner, girt with a great sword?"

The damsel answered, "I am girt with this great sword against my will and may not remove it until it is drawn from its scabbard, a thing that can be done only by a knight, and that a passing good one, without treachery or villainy of any sort. I have been with King Rience, and many of his knights have tried to draw the sword from its scabbard, but no one succeeded. I have heard that here you have many good knights, and perchance one may be found who can pull the blade."

"This is marvelous," said Arthur. "I will myself make the first attempt, not because I think myself the best knight, but to give my knights an example."

Then Arthur seized the sword by the scabbard and the hilt and pulled at it eagerly, but it would not move.

"Sir," said the damsel, "you need not pull the half so hard, for he who is fit can pull it with little strength."

Then one after another the knights all tried, but none could draw the sword.

"Alas," said the maiden, "I had thought that in this court there would be found at least one man of gentle blood on both his father's and his mother's side, himself without treason or guile."

There was then at the court a poor knight born in Northumberland who had been in prison for slaying the king's cousin, but who had been released at the request of the barons, for he was known to be a good man and well born.

Balin, for that was the knight's name, wished to try the sword, but was afraid to come forward because of his appearance. As the damsel was departing from the court, Balin called to her and said:

"Fair maid, I beg you to let me try to draw the sword, for though I am poorly clad I feel in my heart that I am as good as many who have tried, and I think I can succeed."

The damsel looked at Balin, and though she saw that he was a strong and handsome man, yet she looked at his poor raiment and thought that he could not be a noble knight without treachery and villainy. So she said to him, "Sir, put me to no more trouble, for I cannot think you will succeed where so many others have failed."

"Ah, fair damsel," said Balin, "perchance good deeds are not in a man's clothing, but manliness and bravery are hid within the person, and many a worshipful knight is not known to all the people. Therefore honor and greatness are not in raiment."

"By the Lord," said the damsel, "you speak well and say the truth. Therefore shall you try the sword."

And Balin grasped the scabbard and drew the sword out easily, and when he saw the sword

he was greatly pleased, for it was a marvelous weapon of finest steel.

"Certainly," said the damsel, "this is a good knight, the best I have ever found, without treason, treachery or villainy; and many noble deeds shall he do. Now, gentle and gracious knight, give back the sword to me."

"No," said Balin, "this sword will I keep unless it be taken from me by force."

"Well," said the damsel, "you are unwise to hold the sword from me, for with it you shall slay the best friend that you have, the man you best love in all the world; and the sword shall also be your destruction."

"Nevertheless," replied Balin, "I shall take the event as God gives it me. But the sword you shall not have."

"Within a very short time," said the damsel, "you shall repent it. I ask the sword more on your account than mine, for I am sad for your sake. It is a great pity that you will not believe that the sword will be your destruction."

Speaking thus the damsel departed from the court, sorrowing as she went. As soon as the damsel had gone, Balin sent for his horse and his armor and made ready to depart from the court.

"Do not leave us so lightly," said King Arthur, "for though I have in ignorance misused thee, I know now that thou art a noble knight, and if thou will stay with us, I will advance thee much to thy liking."

"God bless your highness," said Balin.

"Though no man may ever value your kindness and bounty more, yet at the present time I must thank you for your kindness and beseech your good grace."

"If you must go," said Arthur, "I pray you not to tarry long, for right welcome will you be on your return, and then I shall take pains to make right what I did amiss before."

"God reward your lordship," said Balin, as he made ready to depart.

Ere he could leave, however, there came riding into the court the Lady of the Lake, from whom King Arthur had received his sword. She was richly clothed, and as she entered she saluted Arthur royally and said, "I come now to ask the gift you promised me when I gave you the sword."

"That is right," said Arthur; "a gift I certainly promised you, but I have forgotten the name of the sword you gave me."

"The name of the sword is Excalibur. That is to say, 'Cut Steel.'"

"That is right," said the king. "Now ask what you will and you shall have it if it lies in my power to give it."

"I ask," returned the lady, "the head of the knight that to-day has won the other sword, or else the head of the damsel who brought the sword. By right I should have the heads of both, for he slew my brother, a good and true knight, and that woman caused my father's death."

"Indeed," said Arthur, "I cannot grant such

a request as that with any justice to myself. Therefore, ask what else you will and I will grant it."

"I want nothing else," said the Lady; "I will ask no other thing."

Now when Balin was leaving the court he saw this Lady of the Lake. Three years before she had slain Balin's mother, and all this time he had been searching for the wicked woman. Then some one told him that she had asked his head of Arthur.

On hearing this, Balin went straight to the woman and said, "It is unlucky for you that I have found you today. You asked my head of King Arthur, and therefore you shall lose yours."

With these words Balin drew his sword, and before any one could interfere struck off her head, even before the face of King Arthur.

"Alas," said Arthur, "why have you done this deed? You have shamed me and all my court, for this was a lady to whom I was indebted, and she came here under my safe conduct. I shall never forgive you this vile deed."

"Sire," said Balin, "withdraw your displeasure, for this same lady was the falsest lady living, and by enchantment and sorcery she has destroyed many good knights. She it was who through falsehood and treachery caused my mother to be burned."

"No matter what cause you had," replied the king, "you should have waited till she left my presence. You shall certainly repent this

deed, for such another insult I never had in my court. Therefore, withdraw from my presence with all the haste you may."

Balin took up the head of the Lady and carried it to his hostelry, where he met his squire. "Now," said Balin, as the two rode out of the town, "much I regret to have displeased King Arthur. You must, however, take this head and carry it to my friends in Northumberland, and tell them that my most bitter enemy is dead. Tell them, too, that I am out of prison, and how I came to get this sword."

"Alas," said the squire, "you were greatly to blame for so displeasing King Arthur."

"As for that," said Balin, "I will go with all the haste I can to meet King Rience that I may destroy him or die myself. If perchance I may happen to overthrow him, then Arthur will forgive me and be my gracious lord."

"Where shall I meet you?" said the squire.

"In King Arthur's court," answered Balin.

When Balin left King Arthur's court, Lanceor, a proud and arrogant knight who counted himself the best of Arthur's followers, went and offered to ride after Balin and bring him back dead or alive.

"Go," said King Arthur, "for I am wroth with Balin and would have revenge for the insult he has shown me."

So Lanceor departed to arm himself, and in the meantime, Merlin arrived, and hearing of the death of the Lady of the Lake, went in to King Arthur.

"Now," said Merlin, "you should know that this damsel who brought the sword to the court is the falsest woman living. She has a brother whom she hates beyond measure, and it was to compass his death that she came hither, for it had been decreed that whoso drew the sword should slay her brother. This I know to be true. Would to God she had never come to this court, for the knight that drew the sword shall die by that sword, and this shall be a great reproach to you and your court; for no man liveth of greater ability and prowess than this same knight Balin, and much good will he do you. It is a great pity he may not live to serve you with his strength and hardiness."

In the meantime Lanceor, armed at all points, rode at full speed after Balin, and when he caught sight of him he called in a loud voice, "Stop, you false knight, for you shall return with me whether you will or not, and your shield and your sword shall not help you."

When Balin heard the voice he turned his horse fiercely and said, "What is it you will with me? Will you joust with me?"

"Yes," said the Irish knight. "For that reason have I followed you."

"Perchance," said Balin, "it would have been better if you had remained at home, for many a man who strives to overthrow his enemy falls himself in the struggle. From what court do you come?"

"I am from the court of King Arthur," said Lanceor, "and I came to seek revenge for the

insult you showed Arthur and his court this day."

"I see," said Balin, "that I must fight with you, but I much regret that I have done wrong before King Arthur and his court. Your quarrel with me is foolish, for the lady that I slew did me the greatest harm on earth, else would I have been as loath as any knight that lives to slay a lady."

"Cease talking," said Lanceor, "and face me, for only one of us shall remain alive."

Then they levelled their spears and clashed together as hard as their horses could. The spear of the Irish knight struck Balin on the shield and broke all in pieces, but Balin's spear pierced the shield of Lanceor, passed through his hauberk and body and even into his horse, so that Lanceor fell, a dead man.

Regretting much that he had slain one of Arthur's knights, Balin buried Lanceor and proceeded on his way.

He had not ridden far into the forest when he saw a knight coming towards him whom by his arms he recognized as his brother Balan. When they met they dismounted and kissed each other and wept for pure joy.

When they had calmed themselves a little, Balan said, "I had no thought of meeting you here; I had supposed you were still in prison, for a knight that I met at the castle of Four Stones told me how you had been imprisoned by the king. I came this way hoping to serve you."

Balin in reply told him of his adventures until

the time they met, and added, "Truly I am very sad that King Arthur is displeased with me, for he is the most worshipful knight that reigneth on this earth. Now I mean to regain his love or perish in the attempt. King Rience is even now besieging the Castle Terrabil, and thither do I ride to see what I can do against him."

"I will go with you," said Balan, "and we will help each other as true knights and good brethren ought to do."

As they talked they saw coming toward them a misshapen old man. This was Merlin in a strange disguise, though the brothers did not know him.

"Ah, Balin," said the old dwarf, "too ready are you to strike in anger, for here you have slain one of the noblest knights of Arthur's court, and his kinsmen will follow you through the world till they have slain you."

"As for that," said Balin, "I have little fear, but I regret beyond words that I have displeased my lord, King Arthur."

"Be that as it may," answered Merlin, "you have given the saddest blow ever struck; and yet worse is to come, for with that same sword will you slay your brother."

"If I believed that," the sad knight replied, "I should kill myself now to prove you a liar."

At that moment the crippled old man vanished suddenly, and the brothers saw Merlin in his own person riding toward them.

"Where are you going?" inquired Merlin.

"At present we have little to do and ride as we please."

"I can tell you where you are going," said the magician. "You go to meet King Rience, but your journey will be a failure unless you are guided by my counsel."

"Ah, Merlin," said Balin, "we will be ruled by you."

"Come on then; but see that you fight manfully, for you will need all your strength and valor."

"Fear not," they both exclaimed. "We will do all that men can do."

"Then," said the magician, "conceal yourselves here in the woods behind the leaves. Hide your horses and rest in patience, for soon will Rience with sixty of his best knights come this way. You can fall upon them from ambush and easily destroy them."

It happened just as Merlin had predicted, and the brothers soon saw the sixty knights riding down the lane.

"Which is Rience?" asked Balin.

"There," said he, "the knight that rides in the midst—that is Rience."

The brothers waited till Rience was opposite them, and then they rushed upon him and bore him down, wounding him severely. Wheeling from the charge they fell upon the followers of Rience and smote them to right and left, so that many fell dead or wounded and the remainder broke into flight.

Returning to King Rience the brothers would have killed him, but he cried, "Slay me not. By my death you will win nothing, but by my life you may win."

"That is so," the two agreed: and they made a litter, and Balan bore Rience to King Arthur, but Balin would not go to the court till he had done more for Arthur.

The tale of Balin's deeds is too long for recital here, but it may be read in the book of King Arthur's knights. At last, after many days of wandering and many exciting combats, Balin saw by the roadside a cross upon which in letters of gold was written, "No man must ride to this castle alone."

Then, too, an old man came toward him and said, "Balin le Savage, turn now before it is too late. You have already passed the bounds of prudence." With these words the old man vanished, and Balin heard the blast of a horn, like that blown when a huntsman kills an animal.

"That blast," said Balin to himself, "is for me, for I am the prize, yet am I not dead."

As the echoes of the horn died away, Balin saw coming toward him a hundred knights and ladies who rode up to him and smilingly greeted him.

"Come with us to the castle," said they, "and there shall be music and dancing and feasting and much joy."

Balin followed them to the castle and was surprised at the good cheer that awaited him. In the midst of the feast, when joy was at its height, the chief lady of the feast looked at Balin and said, "Knight with the two swords, no man may pass this way unless he fight with a

knight who keeps an island near by. Now must you joust with him."

"That is an unhappy custom," said Balin, "that a knight may not pass this way unless he fight."

"You need to fight with but one man," said the lady.

"Well," said Balin, "if I must fight, then must I fight, but a traveling man and his horse are ofttimes weary. However, though my horse and my body are weary, my heart is not weary, and I will go where danger awaits me."

"Sir," said one of the knights to Balin, "it seems to me that your shield is not in good condition. Take mine; it is a larger one, and you are quite welcome to it."

So Balin took the strange shield and left his own, with his arms blazoned on it, at the castle, and rode forth to the island. On his way he met a maid who called to him, "O Balin, why have you left your own shield behind? You have now put yourself in the gravest danger, for by the arms upon your shield all men might know you. It is a great pity, indeed, that evil should befall you, for you are the peer of any knight now living."

"I repent exceedingly," said Balin, "that I ever came into this country, but now that I have set foot upon this adventure I may not turn back without shame to myself. Be it life or death, now will I take whatsoever God willeth."

Then he looked carefully at his armor and saw that it was all in good condition and that

his shield and spear were in good trim, and then, blessing himself, he mounted his horse.

Out of the castle there now came riding toward him a knight on a powerful charger. Red was the armor of the knight, red his shield, without any arms or device, and red were the trappings on his horse. Now this knight in red was Balan, and when he saw coming toward him a knight with two swords he thought it must be his brother Balin, but when he looked at the shield it was strange, and thus, neither brother knowing the other, they levelled their spears and dashed together at full speed.

The spear of each struck fair in the center of the shield of the other, and their spears were so strong and their charge so fierce that both horses were thrown to the ground and the men lay on the ground unconscious. Balin was sadly bruised by the fall of his horse, and besides he was weary of travel, so that Balan was the first to get up and draw his sword. Balin, however, was little behind him, and was ready with his weapon to meet the onset. Balan was first to strike, and though Balin put up his shield the sword passed through it and cut through his helm. Balin returned the blow with that unhappy sword that carried so much misery with it, and well-nigh killed his brother, but both recovered themselves and fought together, charging back and forth until their breath failed them.

As they rested for a moment Balin looked up to the castle walls and saw that the towers

THE FIGHT

were filled with ladies. Inspired by the sight, both went into battle again, and both were wounded many times. Often they rested and often renewed the combat, until the ground around them was red with blood. Both had been wounded seven times or more, and each wound so serious that it would have been the death of any less mighty man. Both were weary and weak from their exertions, but still they fought on. Their helmets were hewed off and

their armor fell to pieces till they were almost naked and defenseless.

At last Balan withdrew a little and lay down in utter exhaustion.

"What knight art thou?" said Balin le Savage. "Never have I found a knight that so well matched me."

"My name," he said, "is Balan, brother of the great knight Balin."

"Alas," said Balin, "that ever I should see this day." And with these words he fell back unconscious.

Balan, on his hands and knees, crept to his brother and took the helm from off his head, but even then he did not know him, so bloody and wounded was his face. A few minutes later Balin awoke and cried, "Oh Balan, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee. On this account all the world shall speak of us."

"Alas," said Balan, "that I ever saw this day, and shame on me that I knew you not, for I saw your two swords; but because you had a strange shield I thought you were some strange knight."

"There is a false knight in the castle," said Balin, "that got me to leave my own shield and gave me his, and for this reason are we both to die. Would that I might live to destroy the castle and prevent the foul customs that pertain here."

"That, indeed, were the right thing to do," said Balan, "for on the day that I came hither I happened to kill the knight that kept the island, and since then never have I been able to depart

but have been compelled to keep this island against all comers. If you had slain me, then must you have kept the island, for no man may leave because of an enchantment."

While they were still talking, the chief lady of the castle, with four knights and six ladies and six yeomen, came to them and listened to their complaining.

"We are two brothers," said they, "born from one mother, and in one grave must we lie, so we pray you to bury us here where the battle was fought."

Weeping at the sad spectacle the lady granted their request and promised that they should be interred with great ceremonies.

"Now," said Balin, "will you send us a priest that we may receive our sacrament, the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes," said the lady, "I will send at once."

When the priest had come and administered the last rite, Balin said, "When we are buried in a single tomb, and when the inscription upon it reads that two brothers in ignorance slew each other, then will every good knight who comes this way see our tomb and pray for the peace of our souls."

Amidst the weeping of the ladies and the gentle women there, Balan died, but Balin lingered on until after midnight. The lady kept her promise and buried both in one tomb, and placed before it the inscription, "Here lie two brethren, each slain by his brother's hand."

She knew not their names, but in the morning

Merlin came that way, and in letters of gold wrote on the tomb, "Here lieth Balin le Savage, the knight with two swords, and Balan his brother." Then Merlin took the famous sword, unfastened the pommel, and offered the sword to a knight to try; but the knight could not handle it, and Merlin laughed in his face.

"Why do you laugh?" said the knight, angrily.

"For this reason," said Merlin. "No man shall ever handle this sword except Sir Launcelot or else Galahad, his son."

All this Merlin wrote in letters of gold on the pommel of the sword. The scabbard of Balin's sword he left on the side of the island where Sir Galahad would find it.

GERAINT AND ENID[1]

ALFRED TENNYSON

I

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great order of the Table Round,
Had married Enid, Yniol's only child,
And loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven.
And as the light of Heaven varies, now
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,
Who first had found and loved her in a state
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
In some fresh splendor; and the Queen herself,
Loved her, and often with her own white hands
Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveliest,
Next after her own self, in all the court.
And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth.
At last, forsooth, because his princedom lay

1. Tennyson, in his collection of poems known as the *Idyls of the King*, worked up in beautiful form many of the legends which had grown up around the names of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. *Geraint and Enid* is one of the most popular of these.

Close on the borders of a territory,
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights,
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law:
He craved a fair permission to depart,
And there defend his marches; and the King
Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,
Allowing it, the Prince and Enid rode,
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores
Of Severn, and they past to their own land;
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,
He compass'd her with sweet observances
And worship, never leaving her, and grew
Forgetful of his promise to the King,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.
And by and by the people, when they met
In twos and threes, or fuller companies,
Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him
As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,
And molten down in mere uxoriousness.
And this she gather'd from the people's eyes:
This too the women who attired her head,
To please her, dwelling on his boundless love
Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more:
And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,
But could not out of bashful delicacy;
While he that watch'd her sadden, was the more
Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn
(They sleeping each by either) the new sun
Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,
And heated the strong warrior in his dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it.
And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,
Admiring him, and thought within herself,
Was ever man so grandly made as he?
Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk
And accusation of uxoriousness
Across her mind, and bowing over him,
Low to her own heart piteously she said:

"O noble breast and all-puissant arms,
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?
I *am* the cause, because I dare not speak
And tell him what I think and what they say.
And yet I hate that he should linger here;
I cannot love my lord and not his name.
Far liefer had I gird his harness on him,
And ride with him to battle and stand by,
And watch his mightful hand striking great blows
At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.
Far better were I laid in the dark earth,
Not hearing any more his noble voice,
Not to be folded more in these dear arms,
And darken'd from the high light in his eyes,

Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.
Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,
And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,
Or maybe pierced to death before mine eyes,
And yet not dare to tell him what I think,
And how men slur him, saying all his force
Is melted into mere effeminacy?
O me, I fear that I am no true wife."

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,
And the strong passion in her made her weep
True tears upon his broad and naked breast,
And these awoke him, and by great mischance
He heard but fragments of her later words,
And that she fear'd she was not a true wife.
And then he thought, "In spite of all my care,
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,
She is not faithful to me, and I see her
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall."
Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,
And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,
"My charger and her palfrey;" then to her
"I will ride forth into the wilderness,
For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win,
I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.
And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress
And ride with me." And Enid ask'd, amazed,
"If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault."
But he, "I charge thee, ask not, but obey."
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,

A faded mantle and a faded veil,
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,
Wherein she kept them folded reverently
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,
She took them, and array'd herself therein,
Remembering when first he came on her
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,
And all her foolish fears about the dress,
And all his journey to her, as himself
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,
Before him came a forester of Dean,
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,
First seen that day: these things he told the King.
Then the good King gave order to let blow
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.
And when the Queen petition'd for his leave
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.
So with the morning all the court were gone.
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,
But rose at last, a single maiden with her,
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood;
There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd
Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard instead
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,
Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford

Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.
A purple scarf, at either end whereof
There swung an apple of the purest gold,
Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up
To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly
In summer suit and silks of holiday.
Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,
Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace
Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him:
"Late, late, Sir Prince," she said, "later than we!"
"Yea, noble Queen," he answer'd, "and so late
That I but come like you to see the hunt,
Not join it." "Therefore wait with me," she said;
"For on this little knoll, if anywhere,
There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds:
Here often they break covert at our feet."

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,
And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,
King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode
Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight
Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful face,
Imperious and of haughtiest lineaments.
And Guinevere, not mindful of his face
In the King's hall, desired his name, and sent
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf;
Who being vicious, old and irritable,
And doubling all his master's vice of pride,

Made answer sharply that she should not know.
"Then will I ask it of himself," she said.
"Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not," cried the
dwarf;
"Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him;"
And when she put her horse toward the knight,
Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd
Indignant to the Queen; whereat Geraint
Exclaiming, "Surely I will learn the name,"
Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,
Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince
Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,
Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.
The Prince's blood spurted upon the scarf,
Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him:
But he, from his exceeding manfulness
And pure nobility of temperament,
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd
From ev'n a word, and so returning said:

"I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,
Done in your maiden's person to yourself:
And I will track this vermin to their earths;
For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt
To find, at some place I shall come at, arms
On loan, or else for pledge; and, being found,
Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,
And on the third day will again be here,
So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell."

"Farewell, fair Prince," answer'd the stately
Queen.

"Be prosperous in this journey, as in all;
And may you light on all things that you love,
And live to wed with her whom first you love:
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,
And I, were she the daughter of a king,
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun."

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard
The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,
A little vext at losing of the hunt,
A little at the vile occasion, rode,
By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade
And valley, with fixt eye following the three.
At last they issued from the world of wood,
And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,
And show'd themselves against the sky, and sank.
And thither came Geraint, and underneath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof,
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine:
And out of town and valley came a noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the three,
And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.
"So," thought Geraint, "I have track'd him to his earth."

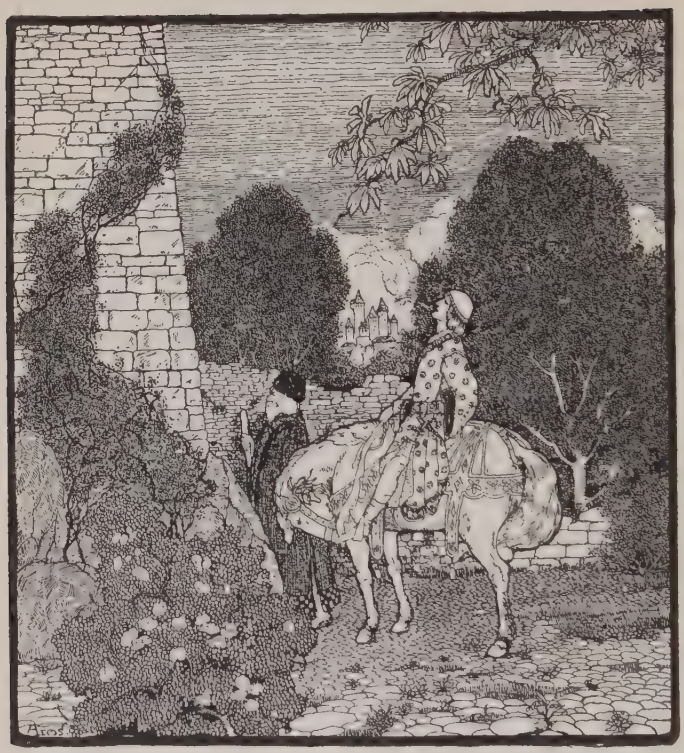
And down the long street riding wearily,
Found every hostel full, and everywhere
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss
And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd
His master's armor; and of such a one
He ask'd, "What means the tumult in the town?"
Who told him, scouring still, "The sparrow-hawk!"
Then riding close behind an ancient churl,
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,
Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here?
Who answer'd gruffly, "Ugh! the sparrow-hawk."
Then riding further past an armorer's,
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,
He put the self-same query, but the man
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said:
"Friend, he that labors for the sparrow-hawk
Has little time for idle questioners."
Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen:
"A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead!
Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world! What is it to me?
O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!
Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawk-mad,

Where can I get me harborage for the night?
And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!"
Whereat the armorer turning all amazed
And seeing one so gay in purple silks,
Came forward with the helmet yet in hand
And answer'd, "Pardon me, O stranger knight;
We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,
And there is scantly time for half the work.
Arms? truth! I know not: all are wanted here.
Harborage? truth, good truth, I know not, save,
It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge
Yonder." He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,
Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.
There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl,
(His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,
Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and said:
"Whither, fair son?" to whom Geraint replied,
"O friend, I seek a harborage for the night."
Then Yniol, "Enter therefore and partake
The slender entertainment of a house
Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd."
"Thanks, venerable friend," replied Geraint;
"So that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks
For supper, I will enter, I will eat
With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast."
Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-headed Earl,
And answer'd, "Graver cause than yours is mine
To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk:
But in, go in; for save yourself desire it,
We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest."

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
His charger trampling many a prickly star
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say, "There is the nightingale";



GERAINT HEARS ENID SINGING

So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

"Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,"
Said Yniol; "enter quickly." Entering then,
Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones,
The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd hall,
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,[2]
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,
Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,
"Here by God's rood is the one maid for me."
But none spake word except the hoary Earl:
"Enid, the good knight's horse stands in the court;
Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then
Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine;
And we will make us merry as we may.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

2. *Vermeil-white* means *red and white*, or *reddish white*.

He spake: the Prince, as Enid past him, fain
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught
His purple scarf, and held, and said, "Forbear!
Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O my son,
Endures not that her guest should serve himself."
And reverencing the custom of the house
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall;
And after went her way across the bridge,
And reach'd the town, and while the Prince and Earl
Yet spoke together, came again with one,
A youth, that following with a costrel[3] bore
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,
And in her veil unfolded, manchet[4] bread.

And then, because their hall must also serve
For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,
And stood behind, and waited on the three.
And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
Geraint had longing in him evermore
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,
That crost the trencher as she laid it down:
But after all had eaten, then Geraint,
For now the wine made summer in his veins,
Let his eye rove in following, or rest
On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,
Now here, now there, about the dusky hall;
Then suddenly addrest the hoary Earl:

3. A *costrel* was a leather, wooden or earthenware bottle, provided with ears, by which it might be hung at the side.

4. *Manchet bread* is fine white bread.

"Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy;
This sparrow-hawk, what is he? tell me of him.
His name? but no, good faith, I will not have it:
For if he be the knight whom late I saw
Ride into that new fortress by your town,
White from the mason's hand, then have I sworn
From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint
Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen
Sent her own maiden to demand the name,
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,
Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd
Indignant to the Queen; and then I swore
That I would track this caitiff to his hold,
And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.
And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find
Arms in your town, where all the men are mad;
They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world;
They would not hear me speak: but if ye know
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn
That I will break his pride and learn his name,
Avenging this great insult done the Queen."

Then cried Earl Yniol, "Art thou he indeed,
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men
For noble deeds? and truly I, when first
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,
Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state
And presence might have guess'd you one of those
That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.
Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;
For this dear child hath often heard me praise

Your feats of arms, and often when I paused
Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;
So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong:
O never yet had woman such a pair
Of suitors as this maiden; first Limours,
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,
Drunk even when he woo'd; and be he dead
I know not, but he passed to the wild land.
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,
My curse, my nephew—I will not let his name
Slip from my lips if I can help it—he,
When I that knew him fierce and turbulent
Refused her to him, then his pride awoke;
And since the proud man often is the mean,
He sow'd a slander in the common ear,
Affirming that his father left him gold,
And in my charge, which was not render'd to him;
Bribed with large promises the men who served
About my person, the more easily
Because my means were somewhat broken into
Thro' open doors and hospitality;
Raised my own town against me in the night
Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house;
From mine own earldom foully ousted me;
Built that new fort to overawe my friends,
For truly there are those who love me yet;
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,
Where doubtless he would put me soon to death,
But that his pride too much despises me:
And I myself sometimes despise myself;
For I have let men be, and have their way;
Am much too gentle, have not used my power:

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish; only this I know,
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently."

"Well said, true heart," replied Geraint, "but arms,
That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight
In next day's tourney I may break his pride."

And Yniol answer'd, "Arms, indeed, but old
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,
Are mine, and therefore at thine asking, thine.
But in this tournament can no man tilt,
Except the lady he loves best be there.
Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,
And over these is placed a silver wand.
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,
The prize of beauty for the fairest there.
And this, what knight soever be in field
Lays claim to for the lady at his side,
And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,
Who being apt at arms and big of bone
Has ever won it for the lady with him,
And toppling over all antagonism
Has earn'd himself the name of sparrow-hawk.
But thou, that hast no lady, canst not fight."

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,
Leaning a little toward him, "Thy leave!
Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,

For this dear child, because I never saw,
Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.
And if I fall her name will yet remain
Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,
So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,
As I will make her truly my true wife."

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.
And looking round he saw not Enid there,
(Who hearing her own name had stol'n away)
But that old dame, to whom full tenderly
And fondling all her hand in his he said,
"Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
And best by her that bore her understood.
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince."

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she
With frequent smile and nod departing found,
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;
Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,
And told her all their converse in the hall,
Proving her heart: but never light and shade
Coursed one another more on open ground
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
Across the face of Enid hearing her;
While slowly falling as a scale that falls,
When weight is added only grain by grain,
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;

Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it;
So moving without answer to her rest
She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw
The quiet night into her blood, but lay
Contemplating her own unworthiness;
And when the pale and bloodless east began
To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move
The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms
Were on his princely person, but thro' these
Princelike his bearing shone; and errant knights
And ladies came, and by and by the town
Flow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.
And there they fixt the forks into the ground,
And over these they placed the silver wand,
And over that the golden sparrow-hawk.
Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,
Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,
"Advance and take as fairest of the fair,
For I these two years past have won it for thee,
The prize of beauty." Loudly spake the Prince,
"Forbear: there is a worthier," and the knight
With some surprise and thrice as much disdain
Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face
Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,

So burnt he was with passion, crying out,
"Do battle for it then," no more; and thrice
They clash'd together, and thrice they brake
their spears.
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each
So often and with such blows, that all the crowd
Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls
There came a clapping as of phantom hands.
So twice they fought, and twice they breathed,
and still
The dew of their great labor, and the blood
Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their
force.
But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry,
"Remember that great insult done the Queen,"
Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,
And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,
And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,
And said, "Thy name?" To whom the fallen
man
Made answer, groaning, "Edyrn, son of Nudd!
Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.
My pride is broken: men have seen my fall."
"Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied Geraint,
"These two things shalt thou do, or else thou
diest.
First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,
Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming there,
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,
And shalt abide her judgment on it; next,
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt
die."

And Edyrn answered, "These things will I do,
For I have never yet been overthrown,
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!"
And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,
And there the Queen forgave him easily.
And being young, he changed and came to loathe
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last
In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn
Made a low splendor in the world, and wings
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay
With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,
Woke and bethought her of her promise given
No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—
So bent he seem'd on going the third day,
He would not leave her, till her promise given—
To ride with him this morning to the court,
And there be made known to the stately Queen,
And there be wedded with all ceremony.
At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,
And thought it never yet had look'd so mean.
For as a leaf in mid-November is
To what it was in mid-October, seem'd
The dress that now she look'd on to the dress
She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.
And still she look'd, and still the terror grew
Of that strange, bright and dreadful thing, a court,
All staring at her in her faded silk:
And softly to her own sweet heart she said:

"This noble prince who won our earldom back,
So splendid in his acts and his attire,
Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit him!
Would he could tarry with us here awhile,
But being so beholden to the Prince,
It were but little grace in any of us,
Bent as he seem'd on going this third day,
To seek a second favor at his hands.
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,
Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,
Far liefer than so much discredit him."

And Enid fell in longing for a dress
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift
Of her good mother, given her on the night
Before her birthday, three sad years ago,
That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,
And scatter'd all they had to all the winds:
For while the mother show'd it, and the two
Were turning and admiring it, the work
To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled
With little save the jewels they had on,
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread:
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,
And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd
The Prince had found her in her ancient home;
Then let her fancy flit across the past,
And roam the goodly places that she knew;
And last bethought her how she used to watch,
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp;

And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool;
And half asleep she made comparison
Of that and these to her own faded self
And the gay court, and fell asleep again;
And dreamt herself was such a faded form
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool;
But this was in the garden of a king;
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew
That all was bright; that all about were birds
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work;
That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it;
And lords and ladies of the high court went
In silver tissue talking things of state;
And children of the King in cloth of gold
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks;
And while she thought "They will not see me," came
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,
And all the children in their cloth of gold
Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish at all
Let them be gold; and charge the gardeners now
To pick the faded creature from the pool,
And cast it on the mixen[5] that it die."
And therewithal one came and seized on her,
And Enid started waking, with her heart
All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,
And lo! it was her mother grasping her
To get her well awake; and in her hand
A suit of bright apparel, which she laid
Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly:

5. *Mixen* is an old word for *dunghill.*

"See here, my child, how fresh the colors look,
How fast they hold like colors of a shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.
Why not? It never yet was worn, I trow:
Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it."

And Enid look'd, but all confused at first,
Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream:
Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,
And answer'd, "Yea, I know it; your good gift,
So sadly lost on that unhappy night;
Your own good gift!" "Yea, surely," said the dame,
"And gladly given again this happy morn.
For when the jousts were ended yesterday,
Went Yniol thro' the town, and everywhere
He found the sack and plunder of our house
All scatter'd thro' the houses of the town;
And gave command that all which once was ours
Should now be ours again: and yester-eve,
While ye were talking sweetly with your Prince,
Came one with this and laid it in my hand,
For love or fear, or seeking favor of us,
Because we have our earldom back again.
And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,
But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.
Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise?
For I myself unwillingly have worn
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,
And howsoever patient, Yniol his.
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,
And page, and maid, and squire, and seneschal,

And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all
That appertains to noble maintenance.
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house;
But since our fortune swerved from sun to shade,
And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need
Constrain'd us, but a better time has come;
So clothe yourself in this, that better fits
Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride:
For tho' ye won the prize of fairest fair,
And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.
And should some great court-lady say, the Prince
Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,
And like a madman brought her to the court,
Then were ye shamed, and, worse, might shame
the Prince
To whom we are beholden; but I know,
When my dear child is set forth at her best,
That neither court nor country, tho' they sought
Thro' all the provinces like those of old
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match."

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath;
And Enid listen'd brightening as she lay;
Then, as the white and glittering star of morn
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,
Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye,
Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown;
Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said,
She never yet had seen her half so fair.

* * * * * * *

"And I can scarcely ride with you to court,
For old am I, and rough the ways and wild;
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream
I see my princess as I see her now,
Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay."

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd
For Enid, and when Yniol made report
Of that good mother making Enid gay
In such apparel as might well beseem
His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,
He answer'd: "Earl, entreat her by my love,
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,
That she ride with me in her faded silk."
Yniol with that hard message went; it fell
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn:
For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why,
Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,
But silently, in all obedience,
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,
And robed them in her ancient suit again,
And so descended. Never man rejoiced
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;
And glancing all at once as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied;
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said,

"O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved
At thy new son, for my petition to her.
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,
Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,
Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall,
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair Queen,
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise thought perhaps,
That service done so graciously would bind
The two together; fain I would the two
Should love each other: how can Enid find
A nobler friend? Another thought was mine;
I came among you here so suddenly,
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,
I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,
Or easy nature, might not let itself
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;
Or whether some false sense in her own self
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;
And such a sense might make her long for court
And all its perilous glories: and I thought,
That could I someway prove such force in her
Link'd with such love for me, that at a word
(No reason given her) she could cast aside
A splendor dear to women, new to her,
And therefore dearer; or if not so new,
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power

Of intermitted usage; then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy,
That never shadow of mistrust can cross
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts:
And for my strange petition I will make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,
Who knows? another gift of the high God,
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks."

He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea;
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come;
And then descending met them at the gates,
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,
And did her honor as the Prince's bride,
And clothed her for her bridals like the sun;
And all that week was old Caerleon gay,
For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,
They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

GUINEVERE AND ENID

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,
Remembering how first he came on her,
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,
And all her foolish fears about the dress,
And all his journey toward her, as himself
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her,
"Put on your worst and meanest dress," she found
And took it, and array'd herself therein.

II

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth
That morning, when they both had got to horse,
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
"Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,
Ever a good way on before; and this
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,
No, not a word!" and Enid was aghast;
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,
When crying out, "Effeminate as I am,
I will not fight my way with gilded arms
All shall be iron;" he loosed a mighty purse,
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.
So the last sight that Enid had of home
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown

ENID LEADS THE WAY

With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire
Chafing his shoulder: then he cried again,
"To the wilds!" and Enid leading down the tracks
Thro' which he bade her lead him on, they past
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon:

A stranger meeting them had surely thought
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,
That each had suffered some exceeding wrong.
For he was ever saying to himself,
"O I that wasted time to tend upon her,
To compass her with sweet observances,
To dress her beautifully and keep her true"—
And there he broke the sentence in his heart
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
May break it, when his passion masters him.
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.
And ever in her mind she cast about
For that unnoticed failing in herself,
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.
Then thought again, "If there be such in me,
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
If he would only speak and tell me of it."

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights
On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all;
And heard one crying to his fellow, "Look,
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse
And armor, and his damsel shall be ours."

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said:
"I will go back a little to my lord,
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk;
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,
Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame."

Then she went back some paces of return,
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said:
"My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast
That they would slay you, and possess your horse
And armor, and your damsel should be theirs."

He made a wrathful answer: "Did I wish
Your warning or your silence? one command
I laid upon you, not to speak to me,
And thus ye keep it! Well then, look—for now,
Whether ye wish me victory or defeat,
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,
Yourself shall see my vigor is not lost."

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,
And down upon him bare the bandit three.
And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint
Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast
And out beyond; and then against his brace
Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him
A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,
Swung from his brand a windy buffet out
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain

Or slew them, and dismounting like a man
That skins the wild beast after slaying him,
Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born
The three gay suits of armor which they wore,
And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits
Of armor on their horses, each on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, "Drive them on
Before you;" and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to work
Against his anger in him, while he watch'd
The being he loved best in all the world,
With difficulty in mild obedience
Driving them on: he fain had spoken to her,
And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath
And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him all within;
But evermore it seem'd an easier thing
At once without remorse to strike her dead,
Than to cry "Halt," and to her own bright face
Accuse her of the least immodesty:
And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more
That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard
Call herself false: and suffering thus he made
Minutes an age: but in scarce longer time
Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
Before he turn to fall seaward again,
Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold
In the first shallow shade of a deep wood,
Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks,
Three other horsemen waiting, wholly arm'd,

Whereof one seem'd far larger than her lord,
And shook her pulses, crying, "Look, a prize!
Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,
And all in charge of whom? a girl: set on."
"Nay," said the second, "yonder comes a knight."
The third, "A craven; how he hangs his head."
The giant answer'd merrily, "Yea, but one?
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him."

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said,
"I will abide the coming of my lord,
And I will tell him all their villany.
My lord is weary with the fight before,
And they will fall upon him unawares.
I needs must disobey him for his good;
How should I dare obey him to his harm?
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it,
I save a life dearer to me than mine."

And she abode his coming, and said to him
With timid firmness, "Have I leave to speak?"
He said, "Ye take it, speaking," and she spoke.

"There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say
That they will fall upon you while ye pass."

To which he flung a wrathful answer back:
"And if there were an hundred in the wood,
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,
And all at once should sally upon me,

I swear it would not ruffle me so much
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,
And if I fall, cleave to the better man."

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd; but Geraint's,
A little in the late encounter strain'd,
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,
And there lay still; as he that tells the tale
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
That had a sapling growing on it, slide
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew:
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair
Of comrades making slowlier at the Prince,
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;
On whom the victor, to confound them more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry; for as one,
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,
All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears
The drumming thunder of the huger fall
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves
Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,
And bound them on their horses, each on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, "Drive them on
Before you," and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her heart:
And they themselves, like creatures gently born
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt
Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,
And issuing under open heavens beheld
A little town with towers, upon a rock,
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it:
And down a rocky pathway from the place
There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his hand
Bare victual for the mowers: and Geraint
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,

"Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint."
"Yea, willingly," replied the youth; "and thou,
My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,
And only meet for mowers;" then set down
His basket, and dismounting on the sward
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.
And Enid took a little delicately,
Less having stomach for it than desire
To close with her lord's pleasure; but Geraint
Ate all the mowers' victuals unawares,
And when he found all empty, was amazed;
And, "Boy," said he, "I have eaten all, but take
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose the best."
He, reddening in extremity of delight,
"My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold."
"Ye will be all the wealthier," cried the Prince.
"I take it as free gift, then," said the boy,
"Not guerdon; for myself can easily,
While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl;
For these are his, and all the field is his,
And I myself am his; and I will tell him
How great a man thou art: he loves to know
When men of mark are in his territory:
And he will have thee to his palace here,
And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare."

Then said Geraint, "I wish no better fare:
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.
And into no Earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of palaces!

And if he want me, let him come to me.
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,
And stalling for the horses, and return
With victual for these men, and let us know."

"Yea, my kind lord," said the glad youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,
Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance
At Enid, where she droopt: his own false doom,
That shadow of mistrust should never cross
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;
Then with another humorous ruth remark'd
The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,
And watched the sun blaze on the turning scythe,
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.
But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall,
And all the windy clamor of the daws
About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass
There growing longest by the meadow's edge,
And into many a listless annulet,
Now over, now beneath her marriage ring,
Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd
And told them of a chamber, and they went;
Where, after saying to her, "if ye will,
Call for the woman of the house," to which
She answer'd, "Thanks, my lord;" the two remain'd

Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute
As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth,
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance
The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street,
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst
Their drowse; and either started while the door,
Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,
And midmost of a rout of roisterers,
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,
Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours.
He moving up with pliant courtliness,
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer
To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously
According to his fashion, bade the host
Call in what men soever were his friends,
And feast with these in honor of their Earl;
"And care not for the cost; the cost is mine."

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told
Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,
And made it of two colors; for his talk,
When wine and free companions kindled him,
Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem

Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince
To laughter and his comrades to applause.
Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd Limours
"Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak
To your good damsel there who sits apart,
And seems so lonely?" "My free leave," he said;
"Get her to speak: she doth not speak to me."
Then rose Limours, and looking at his feet,
Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,
Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,
Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:

"Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,
Enid, my early and my only love,
Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me wild—
What chance is this? how is it I see you here?
Ye are in my power at last, are in my power.
Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,
But keep a touch of sweet civility
Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.
I thought, but that your father came between,
In former days you saw me favorably.
And if it were so do not keep it back:
Make me a little happier: let me know it:
Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?
Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.
And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy,
Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,
You come with no attendance, page or maid,
To serve you—doth he love you as of old?
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know

Tho' men may bicker with the things they love.
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,
Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,
A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks
Your story, that this man loves you no more.
Your beauty is no beauty to him now:
A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—
For I know men: nor will ye win him back,
For the man's love once gone never returns.
But here is one who loves you as of old;
With more exceeding passion than of old:
Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:
He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
They understand: nay; I do not mean blood:
Nor need ye look so scared at what I say:
My malice is no deeper than a moat,
No stronger than a wall: there is the keep;
He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:
Or speak it not; but then by him that made me
The one true lover whom you ever own'd,
I will make use of all the power I have.
O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
When first I parted from thee, moves me yet."

At this the tender sound of his own voice
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast;
And answered with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

"Earl, if you love me as in former years,
And do not practice on me, come with morn,
And snatch me from him as by violence;
Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death."

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous Earl.
And the stout Prince bade him a loud good-night.
He moving homeward babbled to his men,
How Enid never loved a man but him,
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,
Debating his command of silence given,
And that she now perforce must violate it,
Held commune with herself, and while she held
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased
To find him yet unwounded after fight,
And hear him breathing low and equally.
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd
The pieces of his armor in one place,
All to be there against a sudden need;
Then dozed awhile herself, but over-toil'd
By that day's grief and travel, evermore
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then
Went slipping down horrible precipices,
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke;
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,
With all his rout of random followers,
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her;
Which was the red cock shouting to the light,
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,

And glimmer'd on his armor in the room.
And once again she rose to look at it,
But touch'd it unawares: jangling, the casque
Fell, and he started up and stared at her.
Then breaking his command of silence given,
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,
Except the passage that he loved her not;
Nor left untold the craft herself had used;
But ended with apology so sweet,
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd
So justified by that necessity,
That tho' he thought "was it for him she wept
In Devon?" he but gave a wrathful groan,
Saying, "Your sweet faces make good fellows fools
And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring
Charger and palfrey." So she glided out
Among the heavy breathings of the house,
And like a household Spirit at the walls
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and return'd:
Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd,
In silence, did him service as a squire;
Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried,
"Thy reckoning, friend?" and ere he learnt it,
"Take
Five horses and their armors;" and the host
Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,
"My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one!"
"Ye will be all the wealthier," said the Prince,
And then to Enid, "Forward! and to-day
I charge you, Enid, more especially,
What thing soever ye may hear, or see,
Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use
To charge you) that ye speak not but obey."

And Enid answer'd, "Yea, my lord, I know
Your wish, and would obey; but riding first,
I hear the violent threats you do not hear,
I see the danger which you cannot see:
Then not to give you warning, that seems hard;
Almost beyond me: yet I would obey."

"Yea so," said he, "do it: be not too wise;
Seeing that ye are wedded to a man,
Not all mismated with a yawning clown,
But one with arms to guard his head and yours,
With eyes to find you out however far,
And ears to hear you even in his dreams."

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's toil;
And that within her, which a wanton fool,
Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.
And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,
Led from the territory of false Limours
To the waste earldom of another earl,
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull,
Went Enid with her sullen follower on.
Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride
More near by many a rood than yestermorn,
It wellnigh made her cheerful; till Geraint
Waving an angry hand as who should say
"Ye watch me," sadden'd all her heart again.
But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,

The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof
Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.
Then not to disobey her lord's behest,
And yet to give him warning, for he rode
As if he heard not, moving back she held
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,
Because she kept the letter of his word,
Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.
And in the moment after, wild Limours,
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd or dead,
And overthrew the next that follow'd him,
And blindly rush'd on all the rout behind.
But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
And left him lying in the public way;
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,
Mixt with the flyers. "Horse and man," he said,
"All of one mind and all right-honest friends!
Not a hoof left: and I methinks till now
Was honest—paid with horses and with arms;
I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg:
And so what say ye, shall we strip him there
Your lover? has your palfrey heart enough
To bear his armor? shall we fast, or dine?
No?—then do thou, being right honest, pray
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm.
I too would still be honest." Thus he said:
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,
And answering not a word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss
Falls in a far land and he knows it not,
But coming back he learns it, and the loss
So pains him that he sickens nigh to death;
So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd
In combat with the follower of Limours,
Bled underneath his armor secretly,
And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife
What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,
Till his eye darken'd and his helmet wagg'd;
And at a sudden swerving of the road,
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,
The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale

Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye
Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,
And tearing off her veil of faded silk
Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,
And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's
life.
Then after all was done that hand could do,
She rested, and her desolation came
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,
A woman weeping for her murder'd mate
Was cared as much for as a summer shower:
One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him:
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,
He drove the dust against her veilless eyes:
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made
The long way smoke beneath him in his fear;
At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel
And scour'd into the coppices and was lost,
While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,
Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,
Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,
Came riding with a hundred lances up;
But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,

Cried out with a big voice, "What, is he dead?"
"No, no, not dead!" she answer'd in all haste.
"Would some of your kind people take him up,
And bear him hence out of this cruel sun?
Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead."

Then said Earl Doorm: "Well, if he be not dead,
Why wail ye for him thus? ye seem a child.
And be he dead, I count you for a fool;
Your wailing will not quicken him: dead or not,
Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears.
Yet, since the face is comely—some of you,
Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall:
An if he live, we will have him of our band;
And if he die, why earth has earth enough
To hide him. See ye take the charger too,
A noble one."

He spake, and past away,
But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,
Each growling like a dog, when his good bone
Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys
Who love to vex him eating, and he fears
To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,
Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growl'd,
Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,
Their chance of booty from the morning's raid,
Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,
Such as they brought upon their forays out
For those that might be wounded; laid him on it
All in the hollow of his shield, and took
And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,

(His gentle charger following him unled)
And cast him and the bier in which he lay
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,
And then departed, hot in haste to join
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and
her.
They might as well have blest her: she was deaf
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,
There in the naked hall, propping his head,
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.
Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,
And found his own dear bride propping his head,
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to
him;
And felt the warm tears falling on his face;
And said to his own heart, "She weeps for me:"
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,
That he might prove her to the uttermost,
And say to his own heart, "She weeps for me."

But in the falling afternoon return'd
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.
His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise:
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,
And doff'd his helm: and then there flutter'd in,
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,
A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,
And mingled with the spearmen: and Earl Doorm

Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,
And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed;
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,
To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,
He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found
A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
Then he remember'd her, and how she wept;
And out of her there came a power upon him;
And rising on the sudden he said, "Eat!
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.
God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.
Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,
For were I dead who is it would weep for me?
Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.
And so there lived some color in your cheek,
There is not one among my gentlewomen
Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.
But listen to me, and by me be ruled,
And I will do the thing I have not done,
For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl,
And we will live like two birds in one nest,
And I will fetch you forage from all fields,
For I compel all creatures to my will."

He spoke: the brawny spearman let his cheek
Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning stared;
While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf
And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear
What shall not be recorded—women they,
Women, or what had been those gracious things,
But now desired the humbling of their best,
Yea, would have help'd him to it: and all at once
They hated her, who took no thought of them,
But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet
Drooping, "I pray you of your courtesy,
He being as he is, to let me be."

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,
But like a mighty patron, satisfied
With what himself had done so graciously,
Assumed that she had thank'd him, adding, "Yea,
Eat and be glad, for I account you mine."

She answer'd meekly, "How should I be glad
Henceforth in all the world at anything,
Until my lord arise and look upon me?"

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk,
As all but empty heart and weariness
And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,
And bare her by main violence to the board,
And thrust the dish before her, crying, "Eat."

ENID WATCHING BY GERAINT

"No, no," said Enid, vext, "I will not eat
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,
And eat with me." "Drink, then," he answer'd.
"Here!"
(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her.)
"Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,
God's curse, with anger—often I myself,
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:
Drink therefore and the wine will change your
will."

"Not so," she cried, "By Heaven, I will not drink
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,
And drink with me; and if he rise no more,
I will not look at wine until I die."

At this he turned all red and paced his hall,
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,
And coming up close to her, said at last:
"Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,
Take warning: yonder man is surely dead;
And I compel all creatures to my will.
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn
By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,
That I forbear you thus: cross me no more.
At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed:
I love that beauty should go beautifully:
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
How gay, how suited to the house of one
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?
Rise therefore; robe yourself in this: obey."

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the day
Strike where it clung: so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,
With life-long injuries burning unavenged,
And now their hour has come: and Enid said:

"In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,
And loved me serving in my father's hall:
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,
And there the Queen array'd me like the sun:
In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself,
When now we rode upon this fatal quest
Of honor, where no honor can be gain'd:
And this poor gown I will not cast aside
Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough:
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:
I never loved, can never love but him:
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,
He being as he is, to let me be."

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,
And took his russet beard between his teeth;
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood
Crying, "I count it of no more avail,
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you;
Take my salute," unknightly with flat hand,
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,
And since she thought, "He had not dared to do it,

Except he surely knew my lord was dead,"
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.
And all the men and women in the hall
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two
Were left alone together, and he said:

"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;
Done you more wrong: we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me thrice your own:
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.
And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yestermorn—
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
I heard you say, that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:
I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than doubt."

And Enid could not say one tender word,
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
She only pray'd him, "Fly, they will return
And slay you; fly, your charger is without,

My palfrey lost." "Then, Enid, shall you ride
Behind me." "Yea," said Enid, "let us go."
And moving out they found the stately horse,
Who now no more a vassal to the thief,
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd
With a low whinny toward the pair: and she
Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,
Glad also; then Geraint upon the horse
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot
She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms
About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again: she did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain:
Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes
As not to see before them on the path,
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance
In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,
Shriek'd to the stranger "Slay not a dead man!"
"The voice of Enid," said the knight; but she,

Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,
Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,
"O cousin, slay not him who gave you life."
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake:
"My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love;
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,
Who love you, Prince, with something of the love
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.
For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was half-way down the slope to Hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.
Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,
And since I knew this Earl, when I myself
Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,
I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm
(The King is close behind me) bidding him
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,
Submit, and hear the judgment of the King."

"He hears the judgment of the King of kings,"
Cried the wan Prince; "and lo, the powers of Doorm
Are scatter'd," and he pointed to the field,
Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,
Were men and women staring and aghast,
While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told
How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.
But when the knight besought him, "Follow me,
Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear
Speak what has chanced; ye surely have endured

Strange chances here alone;" that other flush'd,
And hung his head, and halted in reply,
Fearing the mild face of the blameless King,
And after madness acted question ask'd:
Till Edyrn crying, "If ye will not go
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you."
"Enough," he said, "I follow," and they went.
But Enid in their going had two fears,
One from the bandit scatter'd in the field,
And one from Edyrn. Every now and then,
When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her side,
She shrank a little. In a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said:

"Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause
To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.
Once, but for my main purpose in these jousts,
I should have slain your father, seized yourself.
I lived in hope that sometime you would come
To these my lists with him whom best you loved;
And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,
The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven,
Behold me overturn and trample on him.
Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,
I should not less have kill'd him. And you came,—
But once you came,—and with your own true eyes
Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one
Speaks of a service done him) overthrow

My proud self, and my purpose three years old,
And set his foot upon me, and give me life.
There was I broken down; there was I saved:
Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.
And all the penance the Queen laid upon me
Was but to rest awhile within her court;
Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,
Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
To glance behind me at my former life,
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed:
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.
And you were often there about the Queen,
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw;
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,
But kept myself aloof till I was changed;
And fear not, cousin; I am changed indeed."

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,
Like simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself

Advanced to greet them, and beholding her
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held
In converse for a little, and return'd,
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her
Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said:

"Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave
To move to your own land, and there defend
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,
And wrought too long with delegated hands,
Not used mine own: but now behold me come
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,
With Edyrn and with others: have ye look'd
At Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly changed?
This work of his is great and wonderful.
His very face with change of heart is changed,
The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch[6]
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart
As I will weed this land before I go.

6. *Quitch* is another name for couch-grass, a troublesome weed which spreads rapidly and is eradicated only with the greatest difficulty.

I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,
Not rashly, but have proved him everyway
One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient: and indeed
This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself
After a life of violence, seems to me
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,
My subject with my subjects under him,
Should make an onslaught single on a realm
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,
And were himself nigh wounded to the death."

So spake the King; low bow'd the Prince, and felt
His work was neither great nor wonderful,
And past to Enid's tent; and thither came
The King's own leech to look into his hurt;
And Enid tended on him there; and there
Her constant motion round him, and the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,
Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love,
As the south-west that blowing Bala lake
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.
There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,
And clothed her in apparel like the day.
Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,
And fifty knights rode with them to the shores

Of Severn, and they past to their own land.
And there he kept the justice of the King
So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts
Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died:
And being ever foremost in the chase,
And victor at the tilt and tournament,
They called him the great Prince and man of men.
But Enid, whom the ladies loved to call
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named
Enid the Good; and in their halls arose
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints
Of times to be; nor did he doubt her more,
But rested in her fealty, till he crown'd
A happy life with a fair death, and fell
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

THE HOLY GRAIL

NOTE,—Thomas Malory completed his quaint history of King Arthur in 1469, and sixteen years later the book was printed from the famous old Caxton press. Only one perfect copy of that work is now in existence; but several editions have since been issued with the text modernized, so as to make it easier for us to read, yet with the quaintness and originality of Malory's tale preserved. So charming is it, that the following incidents in the story of the search for the Holy Grail are told nearly as they are now in the Aldine edition of *Le Morte d'Arthur.*

Some rearrangement has been necessary, and a few changes have been made in phraseology. Omissions have been made, and paragraphs are indicated and quotation marks used as is now the custom in printing.

Many of the knights joined in the quest for the Grail, and their adventures are told by Malory. Even Launcelot himself failed. We tell the story of the one who succeeded.

THE KNIGHTING OF SIR GALAHAD

AT the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to the meat, right so, entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her

horse was all besweated. Then she there alit and came before the King and saluted him and he said, "Damosel, God thee bless."

"Sir," said she, "for God's sake say me where Sir Launcelot is."

"Yonder ye may see him," said the King.

Then she went unto Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I require you to come along with me hereby unto a forest."

"What will ye with me?" said Sir Launcelot.

"Ye shall know," said she, "when ye come thither."

"Well," said he, "I will gladly go with you."

So Sir Launcelot bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms.

Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman and rode until he came into a forest, and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready and opened the gates, and so they entered and descended off their horses; and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him and were passing glad of his coming.

And they led him into the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him; and therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad, the which was passing fair and well made, that unnethe[1] in the world men might not find his match: and all those ladies wept.

"Sir," said they all, "we bring you here this child the which we have nourished, and we pray

1. This is an old word meaning *with difficulty.*

you to make him a knight, for of a worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He and all they said, "Yea."

"Then shall he," said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood as tomorn at the reverence of the high feast."

That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer; and on the morn at Galahad's desire, he made him knight and said, "God make him a good man, for of beauty faileth you not as any that liveth."

THE MARVELOUS SWORD

FAIR sir," said Sir Launcelot, "will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur?"

"Nay," said he, "I will not go with you at this time."

Then he departed from them and came to Camelot by the hour of underne[2] on Whitsunday. By that time the King and Queen were gone to the minster to hear their service.

So when the King and all the knights were come from service, the barons espied in the sieges of the Round Table all about, written with golden letters: "Here ought to sit he, and he ought to sit here."[3] And thus they went so long

2. *Underne* meant, according to ancient reckoning, nine o'clock in the morning.

3. That is, "Such a one should sit here, and such another one here."

till they came to the Siege Perilous where they found letters newly written of gold which said: "Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled."

Then all they said, "This is a marvelous thing and an adventurous."

"In the name of God," said Sir Launcelot; and then accounted the term of the writing from the birth of our Lord unto that day. "It seemeth me," said Sir Launcelot, "this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and four and fifty year; and if it would please all parties, I would none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk, for to cover these letters on the Siege Perilous. Then the King bade haste unto dinner.

So as they stood, in came a squire and said unto the King, "Sir, I bring unto you marvelous tidings."

"What be they?" said the King.

"Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw fleet[4] above the water, and therein I saw sticking a sword."

The King said: "I will see that marvel."

So all the knights went with him, and when they came to the river they found there a stone fleeting, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel

4. *Fleet* here means *float*.

thereof were precious stones wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters which said in this wise: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world."

When the King had seen the letters he said unto Sir Launcelot: "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knight of the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly: "Certes, sir, it is not my sword; also, sir, wit ye well I have no hardiness to set my hand to it, for it longed not to hang by my side. Also, who that assayeth to take the sword and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye wit that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal,[5] that is called the Holy Vessel, begin."

"Now, fair nephew," said the King unto Sir Gawaine, "assay ye, for my love."

"Sir," said Gawaine, "your commandment will I obey."

And therewith he took the sword up by the handles, but he might not stir it.

---

5. The Holy Grail (Graal) was the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. It is said to have been carved from an emerald, and to have been used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch the last drops of blood from the body of Christ when he was taken down from the cross. The legend continues that Joseph carried the cup to Britain. The grail would not stay in the possession of any one unless he were pure and unsullied in character. In the time of King Arthur, one of the descendants of Joseph sinned, and the holy vessel disappeared and was lost. Only the pure could look upon the holy chalice, and so although many of the knights sought it, but one achieved it. *Sangreal* is the old French for *Holy Grail*.

"I thank you," said the King to Sir Gawaine.

"My lord, Sir Gawaine," said Sir Launcelot, "now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm."

"Sir," he said, "I might not withsay mine uncle's will and commandment."

But when the King heard this he repented it much, and said unto Sir Percivale, that he should assay for his love.

And he said, "Gladly, for to bear Sir Gawaine fellowship."

And therewith he set his hand on the sword and drew it strongly, but he might not move it. Then there were more that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto.

So the King and all went unto the court, and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein, and young men that were knights served them.

GALAHAD IN THE SIEGE PERILOUS

SO when they were served and all the sieges fulfilled, save only the Siege Perilous, anon there came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side.

And these words he said: "Peace be with you fair lords." Then the old man said unto

Arthur: "Sir, I bring here a young knight, the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathie, whereby the marvels of this court, and of strange realms, shall be fully accomplished."

The King was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man: "Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with you."

Then the old man made the young knight to unarm him, and he was in a coat of red sandal, and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight: "Sir, follow me."

And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot; and the good man lift up the cloth, and found these letters that said thus: "This is the siege of Sir Galahad, the haut[6] prince."

"Sir," said the old knight, "wit ye well that place is yours." And then he set him down surely in that siege.

And then he said to the old man: "Sir, ye may now go your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do."

So the good man departed. Then all the knights of the Round Table marveled greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age; and wist not from whence he came, but all only by God; and said, "This is he by whom the San-

6. *Haut* is an old form of *haughty*.

greal shall be achieved, for there never sat none but he, but he were mischieved."[7]

Then came King Arthur unto Galahad and said: "Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end."

GALAHAD DRAWS THE SWORD OF BALIN LE SAVAGE

Then the King took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

"Sir," said the King unto Sir Galahad, "here is a great marvel as I ever saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed."

"Sir," said Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine; and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard."

And anon he laid his hand on the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath, and said unto the King, "Now it goeth better than it did aforehand."

"Sir," said the King, "a shield God shall send you."

"Now have I that sword that was sometime the good knight's, Balin le Savage, and he was a passing good man of his hands; and with this sword he slew his brother Balan, and that was great pity, for he was a good knight, and either slew other through a dolorous stroke."

7. That is, *harmed.*

THE HOLY GRAIL APPEARS

AM sure," said the King, "at this quest of the Sangreal shall all ye of the Table Round depart, and never shall I see you whole together; therefore, I will see you all whole together in the meadow of Camelot to joust and to tourney, that after your death men may speak of it that such good knights were wholly together such a day."

As unto that counsel and at the King's request they accorded all, and took on their harness that longed unto jousting. But all this moving of the King was for this intent, for to see Galahad proved; for the King deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So were they assembled into the meadow both more and less.[8] Then Sir Galahad began to break spears marvelously, that all men had wonder of him; for he there surmounted all other knights, for within a while he had defouled many good knights of the Table Round save twain, that was Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

And then the King and all estates[9] went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster, and so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive.[10]

8. That is, the greater and the lesser knights.
9. *Estate* formerly meant *a person of high rank.*
10. *To-drive* is an old expression meaning *break apart.*

In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of[11] the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other, by their seeming, fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other as they had been dumb.

Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall fulfilled[12] with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the Holy Vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became: then had they all breath to speak. And then the King yielded thankings to God, of His good grace that he had sent them.

"Now," said Sir Gawaine, "we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the Holy Grail, it was so preciously covered. Wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn,[13] without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sangreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been

11. *Alighted of* means *lighted by.*
12. *Fulfilled* is here used with its original meaning of *filled full.*
13. *To-morn* is an old expression for *to-morrow.*

seen here; and if I may not speed I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ."

When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most part and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made.

And then they went to rest them, and in honor of the highness of Sir Galahad he was led into King Arthur's chamber, and there rested in his own bed. And as soon as it was day the King arose, for he had no rest of all that night for sorrow.

And anon Launcelot and Gawaine commanded their men to bring their arms. And when they all were armed save their shields and their helms, then they came to their fellowship, which were all ready in the same wise, for to go to the minster to hear their service.

Then after the service was done the King would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail; and to account them he prayed them all. Then found they by tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and recommended them all wholly unto the Queen; and there was weeping and great sorrow.

And so they mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot; and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the King turned away and might not speak for weeping.

And on the morrow they were all accorded that they should depart each from other; and

then they departed on the morrow with weeping and mourning cheer, and every knight took the way that him best liked.

GALAHAD GETS HIS SHIELD

RIDETH Sir Galahad yet without shield, and so he rode four days without any adventure. And at the fourth day after evensong he came to a White Abbey, and there he was received with great reverence, and led to a chamber, and there he was unarmed; and then was he ware of two knights of the Round Table, one was King Bagdemagus, and that other was Sir Uwaine. And when they saw him they went unto him and made of him great solace, and so they went to supper.

"Sirs," said Sir Galahad, "what adventure brought you hither?"

"Sir," said they, "it is told us that within this place is a shield that no man may bear about his neck but if that he be mischieved or dead within three days, or else maimed for ever."

"Ah sir," said King Bagdemagus, "I shall it bear to-morrow for to assay this strange adventure."

"In the name of God," said Sir Galahad.

"Sir," said Bagdemagus, "an I may not achieve the adventure of this shield ye shall take it upon you, for I am sure ye shall not fail."

"Sir," said Galahad, "I agree right well thereto, for I have no shield."

SIR GALAHAD

So on the morn they arose and heard mass. Anon a monk led them behind an altar where the shield hung as white as any snow, but in the middes[14] was a red cross.

"Sir," said the monk, "this shield ought not to be hanged about no knight's neck but he be the worthiest knight of the world, and therefore I counsel you knights to be well advised."

"Well," said King Bagdemagus, "I wot well

14. *Middes* is an old word for *midst*.

that I am not the best knight of the world, but yet shall I assay to bear it."

And so he bare it out of the monastery; and then he said unto Sir Galahad: "If it will please you I pray you abide here still, till ye know how I shall speed."

"I shall abide you here," said Galahad. Then King Bagdemagus took with him a squire, the which should bring tidings unto Sir Galahad how he sped.

Then when they had ridden a two mile and came in a fair valley afore an hermitage, then they saw a goodly knight come from that part in white armour, horse and all; and he came as fast as his horse might run, with his spear in the rest, and King Bagdemagus dressed his spear against him and brake it upon the white knight. But the other struck him so hard that he brake the mails, and thrust him through the right shoulder, for the shield covered him not at that time; and so he bare him from his horse.

And therewith he alighted and took the white shield from him, saying: "Knight, thou hast done thyself great folly, for this shield ought not to be borne but by him that shall have no peer that liveth." And then he came to King Bagdemagus' squire and said: "Bear this shield unto the good knight Sir Galahad, that thou left in the abbey, and greet him well from me, for this shield behoveth[15] unto no man but unto Galahad."

"Sir Galahad," said the squire, when he had

15. That is, *belongeth*.

come to the White Abbey, "that knight that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth you greeting, and bade that ye should bear this shield, where through great adventures should befall."

"Now blessed be God and fortune," said Galahad. And then he asked his arms, and mounted upon his horse, and hung the white shield about his neck, and commended them unto God.

Then within a while came Galahad thereas[16] the White knight abode him by the hermitage, and every each saluted other courteously.

"Sir," said Galahad, "by this shield be many marvels fallen?"

"Sir," said the knight, "it befell after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ thirty-two year, that Joseph of Arimathie, the gentle knight, the which took down our Lord off the holy Cross, at that time he departed from Jerusalem with a great party of his kindred with him. And so he laboured till that they came to a city that hight[17] Sarras.

"And at that same hour that Joseph came to Sarras there was a King that hight Evelake, that had great war against the Saracens, and in especial against one Saracen, the which was King Evelake's cousin, a rich king and a mighty, which marched nigh this land. So on a day these two met to do battle. Then Joseph, the son of Joseph of Aramathie, went to King Evelake and told him he should be discomfit and

16. *Thereas* is an old word meaning *where*.
17. *Hight* means *was called*.

slain, but if he left his belief of the old law and believed upon the new law. And then there he shewed him the right belief of the Holy Trinity, to the which he agreed unto with all his heart; and there this shield was made for King Evelake, in the name of Him that died upon the Cross.

"And when Evelake was in the battle there was a cloth set afore the shield, and when he was in the greatest peril he let put away the cloth, and then his enemies saw a figure of a man on the Cross, wherethrough they all were discomfit.

"Then soon after there fell a great marvel, that the cross of the shield at one time vanished away that no man wist where it became.

"Not long after that Joseph was laid in his deadly bed. And when King Evelake saw that he made much sorrow, and said: 'For thy love I have left my country, and sith ye shall depart out of this world, leave me some token of yours that I may think on you.' Joseph said: 'That will I do full gladly; now bring me your shield that I took you.' Then Joseph bled sore at the nose, so that he might not by no mean be staunched. And there upon that shield he made a cross of his own blood.

"'Now may ye see a remembrance that I love you, for ye shall never see this shield but ye shall think on me, and it shall always be as fresh as it is now. And never shall man bear this shield about his neck but he shall repent it unto the time that Galahad, the good knight, bear it: and the last of my lineage shall have it about his neck, that shall do many marvelous deeds.

THE GRAIL ACHIEVED

SO departed Galahad from thence, and he rode five days till that he came to the maimed king. And ever followed Percivale the five days, asking where he had been.

So on a day it befell that they came out of a great forest, and there they met at traverse with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is none need to tell if they were glad; and them he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure, and every each told other.

Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle King Pelles[18] knew them; then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal.

Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought tofore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if that he might have soldered it again; but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he.

"Now have ye it again," said Percivale to Galahad, "for an it be ever achieved by any bodily man ye must do it."

And then he took the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first

18. King Pelles was the grandfather of Galahad.

SIR GALAHAD

forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword to Bors; for he was a good knight and a worthy man.

And anon alit a voice among them, and said: "They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed." So they went thence, all save King Pelles and Eliazar, his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece; and so these three fellows[19] and they three were there, no more.

Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad: "Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table where the holy meat shall be departed."

Then said he: "Ye be welcome, but of whence be ye?"

So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark.

Therewith a voice said: "There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye."

Then King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man, and four angels from heaven, clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand; and these four angels bare him in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sangreal was; and it seemed that he had in

19. *Fellows* had not formerly the rather contemptuous meaning that it has now; it meant simply *comrades*.

middes of his forehead letters the which said: "See ye here Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which Our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place."

Then the knights marveled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year tofore. "O knights," said he, "marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man."

With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvelously, that three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblaunt[20] as though he would have gone to the sacring[21] of the mass. And then he did that longed[22] to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bade him go and kiss his fellows: and so he did anon.

"Now," said he, "servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweetmeats that never knights tasted."

And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they and saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel, that had all the signs of the

20. *Semblaunt* meant *show, appearance.*
21. *Sacring* is from *sacre*, an old word meaning *consecrate.*
22. That is, *belonged.*

passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: "My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired." Then took he himself the Holy Vessel and came to Galahad; and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvelous to tell.

Then said he to Galahad: "Son, wottest thou what I hold betwixt my hands?"

"Nay," said he, "but if ye will tell me." "This is," said he, "the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday.[23] And now hast thou seen that thou most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this Holy Vessel; for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And wottest thou wherefore? For he is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disinherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take

23. *Sher-Thursday* or *Maundy Thursday* is the name given to Thursday of the Holy Week, the day on which the Last Supper was celebrated.

no more but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors." Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

That same night about midnight came a voice among them which said: "My sons and not my chief sons, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence where ye hope best to do and as I bade you."

"Ah, thanked be Thou, Lord, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to call us, Thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains."

And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them hight Claudine, King Claudas' son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then prayed Galahad to every each of them, that if they come to King Arthur's court that they should salute Sir Launcelot, his father, and of them of the Round Table; and prayed them if that they came on that part that they should not forget it.

Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors with him; and so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage,[24] and found a ship. And when they came to the board they found in the middes the table of silver and the Sangreal which was covered with red samite.

Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship; and so they entered and made great reverence thereto; and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed till a voice said to him:

24. *Rivage* is an old word meaning *bank*.

"Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul."

Percivale heard this, and prayed him, of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things.

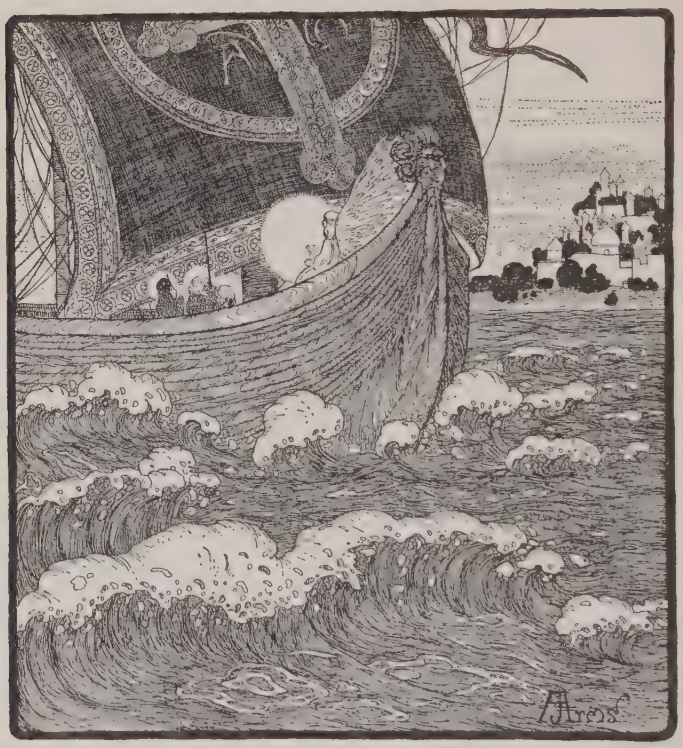
"That shall I tell you," said Galahad; "the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the Majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ."

So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad: "Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so sayeth the scripture."

And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors, to go tofore, and Galahad came behind. And right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him and bade him help to bear this heavy thing.

"Truly," said the old man, "it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches."

"Care thou not," said Galahad, "and arise up and shew thy good will." And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran he to the table, and took one part against Galahad.



THE SHIP APPROACHES THE CITY OF SARRAS

And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvelous that entered into the city. And when the king of the city, which was cleped[25] Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant,

25. *Cleped* meant *named.*

and was come of the line of paynims,[26] and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole.

But as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were alway fulfilled while that they were in prison.

So at the year's end it befell that this King Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly; and he died anon.

When the king was dead all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bade them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: "For he shall well maintain you and all yours." So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the holy city.

Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the Holy Vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: "Come forth the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see."

26. A *paynim* is an infidel.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE SANGREAL

Then Galahad held up his hands toward heaven and said: "Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord."

And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. "Now wottest thou what I am?" said the good man.

"Nay," said Galahad. "I am Joseph of Arimathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wottest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, in that thou hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am."

And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: "Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world."

And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen[27] was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

27. *Sithen* is another form of *sith*, and means *since*.

DISSENSIONS AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT

THE quest of the Holy Grail cost King Arthur many of his best knights, and the new ones who joined him by no means took the place of those tried and trusty men who had made his Round Table famous. Moreover, quarrels and dissensions broke out among them, and many of them forgot their vows and lost the high character they held in the days of Galahad.

The queen and Sir Launcelot incurred the hatred of some of the knights, and there were many complaints made to discredit the queen with Arthur. Finally she was accused of treason, and Arthur, broken-hearted, was compelled to sit in judgment upon his wife as upon any other of his subjects. The punishment for treason in those days was burning at the stake, and the queen was condemned to death in this horrible manner.

In those times all great questions might be settled by trial of battle. There was a possibility of saving the queen's life if some knight would volunteer to fight her accusers. For some time she was unable to find any volunteer, and it was only under certain trying conditions that at last Sir Bors agreed to enter the lists. He bore himself manfully in the fray, but would not have succeeded had not Sir Launcelot ap-

peared in disguise and taken the battle upon himself. By his mighty prowess, however, Launcelot established the queen's innocence of treason and restored her to the king.

This was only temporary relief, however, for in the combat some of the best remaining knights were slain; among them were Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, both among the closest of Launcelot's friends and both killed by his own hand. Gawaine, their brother, one of the most powerful knights in the court, vowed vengeance for their death and swore to follow Launcelot to the ends of the earth. Launcelot protested that he should never cease to mourn for Sir Gareth and that he would as soon have slain his own nephew as to harm the man whom he made knight and whom he loved as a brother.

"Liar and traitor," cried Sir Gawaine, "you are a traitor both to the king and to me."

Launcelot replied, "I see that never again shall I have your love, though I pray you remember that at one time we were friends, and that once you were indebted to me for your life."

"I care not," said Sir Gawaine, fiercely; "nor do I care for the friendship of the king. As for you, in open combat or by stealth, your life will I have; and as for the king, if he will not aid me now I shall leave his kingdom and fight even against him."

"Cease this brawling before me," said the king. "It is better for us all that Launcelot should depart." Thus was Arthur's greatest knight banished from the kingdom.

This, however, did not terminate the difficulty. Arthur and Gawaine followed Launcelot to France, where in a terrible battle Gawaine was unhorsed and borne to the ground by Sir Launcelot, who, however, declined to kill the valiant knight, although Gawaine still accused him of being a traitor and declared that his enmity should never cease while life lasted. Launcelot had gathered a large following in France, and while Gawaine was being healed of his wounds there was peace between the armies.

In the meantime, Sir Mordred, the traitorous nephew of King Arthur, remained in England and instigated a rebellion against the king. He summoned a parliament and caused himself to be elected king. Queen Guenevere hid herself in the tower of London and could not be induced to leave by threat or entreaty, for she knew that Mordred's purpose was to make her his wife.

This news came to Arthur while he was encamped at Benwick where the battle between his forces and Launcelot's had taken place. Arthur immediately gathered his forces together and set sail for Britain. Mordred learned of his approach and gathered a great army at Dover, where he expected Sir Arthur to arrive, and where he lay in wait in the harbor with a great array of ships of all kinds.

Nothing daunted King Arthur, however, and in a fierce naval battle the forces of Mordred were defeated, while the traitor fled westward, where he gathered his scattered hosts. There were among his men many of King Arthur's

favorite knights, men whom he had showed every favor and who were indebted to him for all that they possessed. The desertion of these men made Arthur sorry at heart and left him little joy in his successful battle. As soon as he could he landed and went about among the wounded of his own army and of his enemies, binding up their wounds and giving comfort to those who were dying. The dead he buried with honors of war whether they were his opponents or his friends.

As he went about among the boats he espied Sir Gawaine lying more dead than alive, for in the battle he had received a blow which had reopened the wound Launcelot had given him. When Arthur saw Gawaine he cried to the stricken knight, "My sister's son, here you lie at the point of death, the one man in the world I love most. Now is my joy all gone. Sir Launcelot had all my friendship and you all my love, both of which are gone utterly from me. Now indeed is my earthly joy all departed."

"My uncle, King Arthur," said Gawaine, "you know that this is my death day, and that all has come through my own hastiness; for now am I smitten on an old wound which Sir Launcelot gave me, and I know well I must die. If Sir Launcelot had been with you, this unhappy war had never begun. Now am I the cause of all this, for now I know it was Sir Launcelot that kept his enemies in subjection. I could not join in friendship with him while I lived, but now as I die I pray you give me paper, pen and

ink that I may write to Launcelot with mine own hand."

When the writing materials were brought, Gawaine sat weakly up and wrote this, "Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that I have heard or saw by my days; I, Sir Gawaine, nephew of King Arthur, send you greeting and let you know that I have been smitten upon the wound that you gave me before the city of Benwick and that I have come to my death day. I wish all the world to know that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Round Table, came by my death by my own seeking and not through your fault. So I beseech you, Sir Launcelot, return again to England and sometime see my tomb and say a prayer or two for my soul. Alas, Sir Launcelot, I beseech you by all the love that ever was between us, lose no time but cross the sea in all haste that you may rescue the noble king that made you knight, for he is in peril from that false traitor, my half-brother, Sir Mordred.

"This letter was written but two hours and a half before my death with my own hand and sealed with my heart's blood."

Then King Arthur wept, and sadness fell upon all who stood about. At the hour of noon, after Sir Gawaine had received the sacrament and had begged King Arthur to send for Launcelot, he yielded up the spirit.

After the burial of Sir Gawaine, King Arthur, old before his time, with all his sorrows fresh upon him, made ready to go against Sir Mordred, who had gathered a great army in the west.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE,—*The Passing of Arthur* gives us the story of King Arthur from the time of Sir Gawaine's death.

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:

Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,[1]
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.

1. Shortly after his accession to the throne, according to the legend, Arthur was called upon to send tribute to Rome. He refused, however, and was successful in the battle against Rome which his refusal caused. The heathen in his own country he also defeated, driving them beyond the "Roman wall"—the wall which had been set up by the Romans at the time of their occupancy of Britain to mark the northern boundary of their territory.

And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,[2]
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,[3]
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold

2. Queen Guinevere, after her falseness to Arthur had been proved, had withdrawn to a nunnery at Almesbury. Here Arthur had had an interview with her before setting out on this last campaign.

3. Can you tell from this on about what day Arthur fought this last battle?

With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field

Of battle: but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.
Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather they who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath failed,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this the King
Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:[4]
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man;

4. *Mere* is a poetic word for *lake*.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief [5] and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the bridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

5. *Lief* is an old word meaning *beloved.*

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,[6]
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

6. *Conceit* here means *fancy.*

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.[7]

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

7. This sentence is a striking example of Tennyson's ability to make the sound of a passage help in conveying the sense. The harsh *c* and short *a* sounds in the earlier part are intended to imitate the clash of armor and the ring of "armed heels" on the rock; while the smooth *l* and *o* sounds in the last two lines bring to us the quiet and peacefulness of the scene upon which Bedivere came forth.

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led

The holy Elders[8] with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;

8. The Elders are the wise men who, with their gifts of myrrh, came to worship Christ in the manger.

THE BARGE MOVED FROM THE BRINK

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"[9]

---

9. In *The Coming of Arthur* Tennyson tells how there were present at Arthur's coronation

> "three fair queens,
> Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
> Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
> Sweet faces, who will help him at his need!"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

HENRY HUDSON'S FOURTH VOYAGE[1]

HENRY R. CLEVELAND

NOTE,—It should be remembered that Hudson had already made three voyages in search of the Northwestern Passage. On his first voyage he tried to sail around the northern part of Greenland, but was driven back by the ice and returned to England, whence he had sailed.

On his second voyage he attempted to find a northeastern passage around the North Cape and north of Europe. He reached Nova Zembla but was unable to get any farther.

On his third voyage he sailed under the management of the Dutch East India Company and left the port of Amsterdam, expecting to go north around the continent of America. In this he was disappointed; but he proceeded west to the Banks of Newfoundland and thence south along the coast of the United States. He visited Penobscot Bay in Maine, sailed around Cape Cod and southward at some distance from the coast, to Virginia, deciding by this time that he could not find a passage westward in that direction. As he knew of the discoveries along the coast of Virginia he returned north, and on his way discovered Delaware Bay and the outlet of the Hudson River. After some

1. This sketch of Henry Hudson's fourth voyage is taken from the *Life of Henry Hudson* by Henry R. Cleveland, which appears in Jared Sparks's series of books on American biography.

delay he explored the river to the present site of Albany, where he again found that his Northwestern Passage was barred by the shallowing waters of the river. This was the extent of the explorations of this voyage, from which he finally returned in safety to London.

China was well known to the people of Hudson's time, but had been reached always by water around the Cape of Good Hope and along the southern shore of Asia, or by the long and perilous land journey across Europe and Asia. It was the dream of all these early navigators to find a water passage much shorter than the one around the Cape, and for this they naturally looked to the northwest, where they knew the distance must be much shorter. They little knew that this search was to continue for hundreds of years—so long, in fact, that no practicable passage of that sort is even now known.

THE success of Hudson's last voyage probably stimulated the London Company to take him again into their employment, and to fit out another vessel in search of that great object of discovery, the northwest passage. We find him setting out on a voyage, under their auspices, early in the spring of 1610. His crew numbered several persons, who were destined to act a conspicuous part in the melancholy events of this expedition. Among these were Robert Juet, who had already sailed with him as mate in two of his voyages; Habakuk Pricket, a man of

some intelligence and education, who had been in the service of Sir Dudley Digges, one of the London Company, and from whose Journal we learn chiefly the events of the voyage; and Henry Greene, of whose character and circumstances it is necessary here to give a brief account.

It appears from the Journal, that Greene was a young man of good abilities and education, born of highly respectable parents, but of such abandoned character, that he had forced his family to cast him off. Hudson found him in this condition, took pity upon him, and received him into his house in London. When it was determined that he should command this expedition, Hudson resolved to take Greene with him, in the hope, that, by exciting his ambition, and by withdrawing him from his accustomed haunts, he might reclaim him. Greene was also a good penman, and would be useful to Hudson in that capacity. With much difficulty Greene's mother was persuaded to advance four pounds, to buy clothes for him; and, at last, the money was placed in the hands of an agent, for fear that it would be wasted if given directly to him. He was not registered in the Company's books, nor did he sail in their pay; but Hudson, to stimulate him to reform, promised to give him wages, and on his return to get him appointed one of the Prince's guards, provided he should behave well on the voyage.

Hudson was also accompanied, as usual, by his son. The crew consisted of twenty-three men, and the vessel was named the *Discovery*.

The London Company had insisted upon Hudson's taking in the ship a person, who was to aid him by his knowledge and experience, and in whom they felt great confidence. This arrangement seems to have been very disagreeable to Hudson, as he put the man into another vessel before he reached the mouth of the Thames, and sent him back to London, with a letter to his employers stating his reasons for so doing. What these reasons were, we can form no conjecture, as there is no hint given in the Journal.

He sailed from London on the 17th of April, 1610. Steering north from the mouth of the Thames, and passing in sight of the northern part of Scotland, the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Isles, and having, in a little more than a month, sailed along the southern coast of Iceland, where he could see the flames ascending from Mount Hecla, he anchored in a bay on the western side of that island. Here they found a spring so hot, that "it would scald a fowl," in which the crew bathed freely. At this place, Hudson discovered signs of a turbulent and mutinous disposition in his crew. The chief plotter seems to have been Robert Juet, the mate. Before reaching Iceland, Juet had remarked to one of the crew, that there would be bloodshed before the voyage was over; and he was evidently at that time contriving some mischief. While the ship was at anchor in this bay, a circumstance occurred, which gave Juet an opportunity to commence his intrigues. It is thus narrated by Pricket.

"At Iceland, the surgeon and he (Henry Greene) fell out in Dutch, and he beat him ashore in English, which set all the company in a rage, so that we had much ado to get the surgeon aboard. I told the master of it, but he bade me let it alone; for, said he, the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend he had. But Robert Juet, the master's mate, would needs burn his finger in the embers, and told the carpenter a long tale, when he was drunk, that our master had brought in Greene to crack his credit that should displease him; which words came to the master's ears, who, when he understood it, would have gone back to Iceland, when he was forty leagues from thence, to have sent home his mate, Robert Juet, in a fisherman. But, being otherwise persuaded, all was well. So Henry Greene stood upright, and very inward with the master, and was a serviceable man every way for manhood; but for religion, he would say, he was clean paper, whereon he might write what he would."

He sailed from Iceland on the 1st of June, and for several days Juet continued to instigate the crew to mutiny, persuading them to put the ship about and return to England. This, as we have seen, came to the knowledge of Hudson, and he threatened to send Juet back, but was finally pacified. In a few days he made the coast of Greenland, which appeared very mountainous, the hills rising like sugar loaves, and covered with snow. But the ice was so thick all along the shore, that it was found impossible

to land. He therefore steered for the south of Greenland, where he encountered great numbers of whales. Two of these monsters passed under the ship, but did no harm; for which the journalist was devoutly thankful. Having doubled the southern point of Greenland, he steered northwest, passed in sight of Desolation Island, in the neighborhood of which he saw a huge island or mountain of ice, and continued northwest till the latter part of June, when he came in sight of land bearing north, which he supposed to be an island set down in his chart in the northerly part of Davis's Strait. His wish was to sail along the western coast of this island, and thus get to the north of it; but adverse winds and the quantities of ice which he encountered every day, prevented him.

Being south of this land, he fell into a current setting westwardly, which he followed, but was in constant danger from the ice. One day, an enormous mountain of ice turned over near the ship, but fortunately without touching it. This served as a warning to keep at a distance from these masses, to prevent the ship from being crushed by them. He encountered a severe storm, which brought the ice so thick about the ship, that he judged it best to run her among the largest masses, and there let her lie. In this situation, says the journalist, "some of our men fell sick; I will not say it was of fear, although I saw small sign of other grief." As soon as the storm abated, Hudson endeavoured to extricate himself from the ice. Wherever any open

space appeared, he directed his course, sailing in almost every direction; but the longer he contended with the ice, the more completely did he seem to be enclosed, till at last he could go no further. The ship seemed to be hemmed in on every side, and in danger of being soon closely wedged, so as to be immovable. In this perilous situation, even the stout heart of Hudson almost yielded to the feeling of despair; and, as he afterwards confessed to one of the men, he thought he should never escape from the ice, but that he was doomed to perish there.

He did not, however, allow his crew, at the time, to be aware what his apprehensions really were; but, assembling them all around him, he brought out his chart, and showed them that they had advanced in this direction a hundred leagues further than any Englishman had done before; and gave them their choice whether to proceed, or to return home. The men could come to no agreement; some were in favor of returning, others were for pushing forward. This was probably what Hudson expected; the men were mutinous, and yet knew not what they wanted themselves. Having fairly convinced them of this, it was easier to set them at work to extricate the ship from her immediate danger. After much time and labor, they made room to turn the ship round, and then by little and little they worked their way along for a league or two, when they found a clear sea.

The scene which has just been described, seems indeed a subject worthy of the talents of a

skilful painter. The fancy of the artist would represent the dreary and frightful appearance of the ice-covered sea, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, a bleak and boundless waste; the dark and broken clouds driving across the fitful sky; the ship motionless amidst the islands and mountains of ice, her shrouds and sails being fringed and stiffened with the frozen spray. On the deck would appear the form of Hudson himself, displaying the chart to his men; his countenance careworn and sad, but still concealing, under the appearance of calmness and indifference, the apprehensions and forebodings, which harrowed his mind. About him would be seen the rude and ruffian-like men; some examining the chart with eager curiosity, some glaring on their commander with eyes of hatred and vengeance, and expressing in their looks those murderous intentions, which they at last so fatally executed.

Having reached a clear sea, Hudson pursued his course northwest, and in a short time saw land bearing southwest, which appeared very mountainous and covered with snow. This he named *Desire Provokes.* He had now entered the Strait which bears his name, and, steering west, he occupied nearly the whole month of July in passing through it. To the various capes, islands, and promontories which he saw, he gave names, either in commemoration of some circumstance, which happened at the time, or in honor of persons and places at home, or else for the reward of the discoverer.

Some islands, near which he anchored, and where his ship was but just saved from the rocks, he called the *Isles of God's Mercies.* On the 19th, he passed a point of land, which he named *Hold with Hope.* To the main land, which he soon after discovered, he gave the name of *Magna Britannia.* On the 2d of September, he saw a headland on the northern shore, which he named *Salisbury's Foreland*; and, running southwest from this point about fourteen leagues, he entered a passage not more than five miles in width, the southern cape at the entrance of which he named *Cape Worsenholme*, and that on the north side, *Cape Digges.*

He now hoped that the passage to the western sea was open before him, and that the great discovery was at length achieved. He therefore sent a number of the men on shore at Cape Digges, to ascend the hills, in the hope that they would see the great ocean open to them beyond the Strait. The exploring party, however, were prevented from making any discovery, by a violent thunder storm, which soon drove them back to the ship. They saw plenty of deer, and soon after espied a number of small piles of stones, which they at first supposed must be the work of some civilized person. On approaching them, and lifting up one of the stones, they found them to be hollow, and filled with fowls, hung by the neck. They endeavored to persuade their commander to wait here, till they could provision the ship from the stores, which were thus remarkably provided for them. But

his ardor was so great to find his way into the ocean, which he felt convinced was immediately in the vicinity, that he could suffer no delay, but ordered his men to weigh anchor at once; a precipitancy which he had afterwards reason bitterly to regret. Having advanced about ten leagues through the Strait, he came into the great open Bay or sea which bears his name.

Having entered the Bay, he pursued a southerly course for nearly a month, till he arrived at the bottom of the Bay; when, finding that he was disappointed in his expectation of thus reaching the western seas, he changed his course to the north, in order to retrace his steps. On the 10th of September, he found it necessary to inquire into the conduct of some of the men, whose mutinous disposition had manifested itself a good deal of late. Upon investigation, it appeared, that the mate, Robert Juet, and Francis Clement, the boatswain, had been the most forward in exciting a spirit of insubordination. The conduct of Juet at Iceland was again brought up, and, as it appeared that both he and Clement had been lately plotting against the commander, they were both deposed, and Robert Billet was appointed mate, and William Wilson boatswain.

The remaining part of September and all October were passed in exploring the great Bay. At times the weather was so bad, that they were compelled to run into some bay and anchor; and in one of the storms they were obliged to cut away the cable, and so lost their anchor.

At another time they ran upon a sunken ledge of rocks, where the ship stuck fast for twelve hours, but was at last got off without being much injured. The last of October having now arrived, and winter beginning to set in, Hudson ran the vessel into a small bay, and sent a party in search of a good place to intrench themselves till the spring. They soon found a convenient station; and, bringing the ship thither, they hauled her aground. This was on the 1st of November. In ten days they were completely frozen in, and the ship firmly fixed in the sea.

The prospect for Hudson and his men was now dreary and disheartening. In addition to the rigors of a long winter, in a high northern latitude, they had to apprehend the suffering which would arise from a scarcity of provisions. The vessel had been victualled for six months, and that time having now expired, and their stores falling short, while, at the same time, the chance of obtaining supplies from hunting and fishing was very precarious, it was found necessary to put the crew upon an allowance. In order, however, to stimulate the men to greater exertions, Hudson offered a reward or bounty for every beast, fish, or fowl, which they should kill; hoping, that in this way the scanty stock of provisions might be made to hold out till the breaking up of the ice in the spring.

About the middle of November, John Williams, the gunner, died. We are not informed what was his disease, but we are led to suppose from the Journal, that his death was hastened,

if not caused, by the unkind treatment he experienced from Hudson. It appears very evident from the simple narration by Pricket, that "the master," as he calls him, had become hasty and irritable in his temper. This is more to be regretted, than wondered at. The continual hardships and disappointments, to which he had been exposed, and especially the last unhappy failure in discovering the northwest passage, when he had believed himself actually within sight of it, must have operated powerfully upon an ardent and enthusiastic mind like his, in which the feeling of regret at failure is always proportionate to the strength and confidence of hope when first formed. In addition to this, the troublesome disposition of the crew, which must have caused ceaseless anxiety, undoubtedly contributed much to disturb his calmness and self-possession, and render him precipitate and irritable in his conduct. Many proofs of this soon occurred.[2]

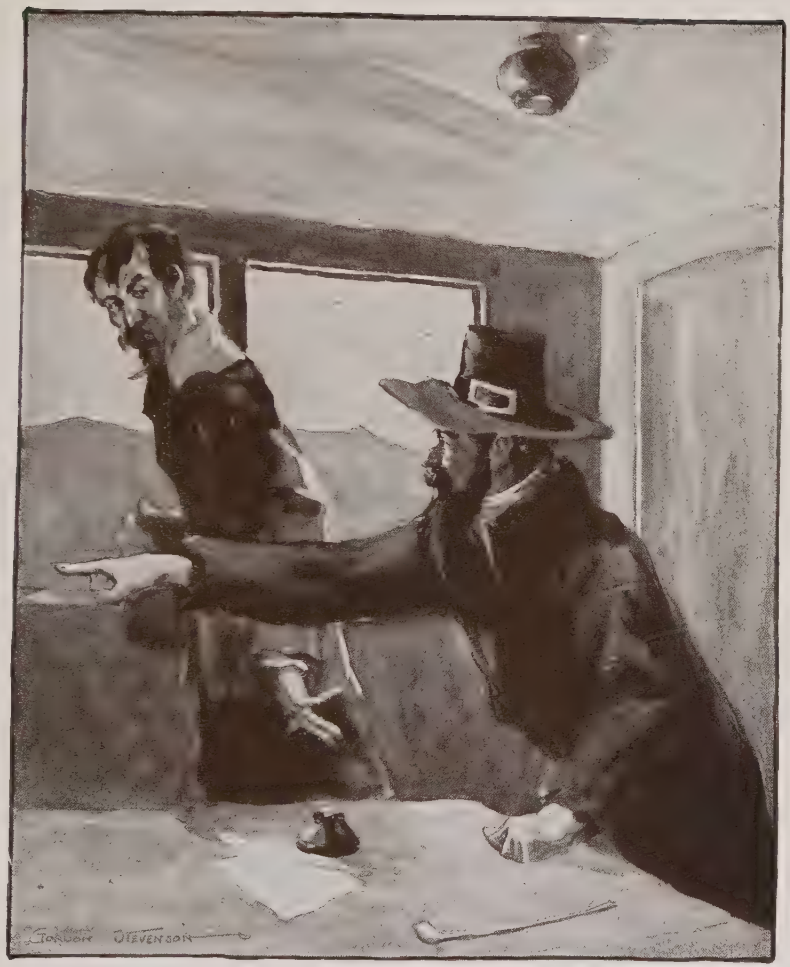
The death of the gunner was followed by consequences which may be regarded as the beginning of troubles that in the end proved fatal. It appears that it was the custom in those times, when a man died at sea, to sell his clothes to the crew by auction. In one respect, Hudson

2. In reading the account of this Arctic expedition, we must remember that the author has followed very closely the journey of Pricket and has not tried to determine the truth or falseness of that man's statements. It does not seem probable that a man of Hudson's character should so suddenly become peevish and irritable, nor that his judgment should so suddenly become weak. The journal was probably written to defend Pricket's share in the disgraceful transaction, and so events were colored to suit himself.

violated this custom, and probably gained no little ill will thereby. The gunner had a gray cloth gown or wrapper, which Henry Greene had set his heart upon possessing; and Hudson, wishing to gratify his favorite, refused to put it up to public sale, and gave Greene the sole choice of purchasing it.

Not long after this, Hudson ordered the carpenter to go on shore, and build a house, or hut, for the accommodation of the crew. The man replied, that it would now be impossible to do such a piece of work, from the severity of the weather, and the quantity of snow. The house ought to have been erected when they had first fixed their station there, but now it was too late, and Hudson had refused to have it done at first. The carpenter's refusal to perform the work excited the anger of the master to such a degree, that he drove him violently from the cabin, using the most opprobrious language, and finally threatening to hang him.

Greene appeared to take sides with the carpenter, which made Hudson so angry, that he gave the gown, which Greene had coveted so much, to Billet, the mate; telling Greene, with much abusive language, that, as not one of his friends at home would trust him to the value of twenty shillings, he could not be expected to trust him for the value of the gown; and that, as for wages, he should have none if he did not behave better. These bitter taunts sunk deep into Greene's heart, and no doubt incited him to further mutinous conduct.



HUDSON DROVE THE CARPENTER FROM HIM

The sufferings of the men were not less, during the winter, than they had had reason to apprehend. Many of them were made lame, probably from chilblains and freezing their feet; and Pricket complains in the Journal, written after the close of the voyage, that he was still suffering from the effects of this winter. They were, however, much better supplied with provisions than they had anticipated. For three months they had such an abundance of white partridges about the ship, that they killed a hundred dozen of them; and, on the departure of these, when spring came, they found a great plenty of swans, geese, ducks, and other waterfowl.

Hudson was in hopes, when he saw these wild fowl, that they had come to breed in these regions, which would have rendered it much easier to catch them; but he found that they went still further north for this purpose. Before the ice had broken up, these birds too had disappeared, and the horror of starvation began to stare them in the face. They were forced to search the hills, woods, and valleys, for anything that might afford them subsistence; even the moss growing on the ground, and disgusting reptiles, were not spared. Their sufferings were somewhat relieved at last, by the use of a bud, which is described as "full of turpentine matter." Of these buds the surgeon made a decoction, which he gave the men to drink, and also applied them hot to their bodies, wherever any part was affected. This was undoubtedly very effectual in curing the scurvy.

About the time that the ice began to break up, they were visited by a savage, whom Hudson treated so well, that he returned the day after to the ship, bringing several skins, some of which he gave in return for presents he had received the day before. For others Hudson traded with him, but made such hard bargains, that he never visited them again. As soon as the ice would allow of it, some of the men were sent out to fish. The first day they were very successful, catching about five hundred fish; but after this, they never succeeded in taking a quarter part of this number in one day. Being greatly distressed by want of provisions, Hudson took the boat and coasted along the bay to the southwest, in the hope of meeting some of the natives, from whom he might obtain supplies. He saw the woods blazing at a distance, where they had been set on fire by the natives; but he was not able at any time to come within sight of the people themselves. After an absence of several days, he returned unsuccessful to the ship.

The only effect of this little expedition was defeating a conspiracy, formed by Greene, Wilson, and some others, to seize the boat and make off with her. They were prevented from putting this scheme in execution by Hudson's unexpected determination to use the boat himself. Well would it have been for him, if they had been allowed to follow their wishes.

Having returned to the ship, and finding everything now prepared for their departure according to his directions, before weighing anchor he

went through the mournful task of distributing to his crew the small remnant of the provisions, about a pound of bread to each man; which he did with tears in his eyes. He also gave them a bill of return, as a sort of certificate for any who might live to reach home. Some of the men were so ravenous, that they devoured in a day or two the whole of their allowance of bread.

They sailed from the bay, in which they had passed the winter, about the middle of June, and, in three or four days, being surrounded with ice, were obliged to anchor. The bread he had given the men, and a few pounds of cheese, which had remained, were consumed. Hudson now intimated to one of the crew, that the chests of all the men would be searched, to find any provisions that might have been concealed there; and ordered him at the same time to bring all that was in his. The man obeyed, and produced thirty cakes in a bag. This indiscretion on the part of Hudson appears to have greatly exasperated his crew, and to have been the immediate cause of open mutiny.

They had been detained at anchor in the ice about a week, when the first signs of this mutiny appeared. Greene, and Wilson, the boatswain, came in the night to Pricket, who was lying in his berth very lame, and told him, that they and several of the crew had resolved to seize Hudson, and set him adrift in the boat, with all on board who were disabled by sickness; that there were but few days' provisions left, and the master appeared entirely irresolute which way to go; that

for themselves they had eaten nothing for three days; their only hope, therefore, was in taking command of the ship, and escaping from these regions as quickly as possible; and that they would carry their plot unto execution, or perish in the attempt.

Pricket remonstrated with them in the most earnest manner, entreating them to abandon such a wicked intention, and reminding them of their wives and children, from whom they would be banished forever, if they stained themselves with so great a crime. But all he could say had no effect. He then besought them to delay the execution for three days, for two days, for only twelve hours; but they sternly refused. Pricket then told them, that it was not their safety for which they were anxious, but that they were bent upon shedding blood and revenging themselves, which made them so hasty. Upon this, Greene took up the Bible which lay there, and swore upon it, that he would do no man harm, and that what he did was for the good of the voyage, and for nothing else. Wilson took the same oath, and after him came Juet and the other conspirators separately, and swore in the same words. The words of the oath are recorded by Pricket, because, after his return to England, he was much blamed for administering any oath, as he seemed by so doing to side with the mutineers. The oath, as administered by him, ran as follows:

"You shall swear truth to God, your Prince, and Country; you shall do nothing but to the

glory of God and the good of the action in hand, and harm to no man." How little regard was paid to this oath by the mutineers, will shortly appear.

It was decided, that the plot should be put in execution at daylight; and, in the meantime, Greene went into Hudson's cabin to keep him company and prevent his suspicions from being excited. They had determined to put the carpenter and John King into the boat with Hudson and the sick, having some grudge against them for their attachment to the master. King and the carpenter had slept upon deck this night. But about daybreak, King was observed to go down into the hold with the cook, who was going for water. Some of the mutineers ran and shut down the hatch over them, while Greene and another engaged the attention of the carpenter, so that he did not observe what was going on.

Hudson now came up from the cabin, and was immediately seized by Thomas, and Bennet, the cook, who had come up from the hold, while Wilson ran behind and bound his arms. He asked them what they meant, and they told him he would know when he was in the shallop. Hudson called on the carpenter to help him, telling him that he was bound; but he could render him no assistance, being surrounded by mutineers. In the meantime, Juet had gone down into the hold, where King was; but the latter, having armed himself with a sword, attacked Juet, and would have killed him, if the noise had not been heard upon deck by the con-

spirators, some of whom ran down and overpowered him. While this was done, two of the sick men, Lodlo and Bute, boldly reproached their shipmates for their wickedness, telling them, that their knavery would show itself, and that their actions were prompted by mere vengeance, not the wish to preserve their lives. But their words had no effect.

The boat was now hauled alongside, and the sick and lame were called up from their berths. Pricket crawled upon deck as well as he could, and Hudson, seeing him, called to him to come to the hatchway to speak with him. Pricket entreated the men, on his knees, for the love of God to remember their duty, and do as they would be done by; but they only told him to go back to his berth, and would not allow him to have any communication with Hudson. When Hudson was in the boat, he called again to Pricket, who was at the horn window, which lighted his cabin, and told him that Juet would "overthrow" them all. "Nay," said Pricket, "it is that villain, Henry Greene;" and this he said as loud as he could.

After Hudson was put into the boat, the carpenter was set at liberty, but he refused to remain in the ship unless they forced him; so they told him he might go in the boat, and allowed him to take his chest with him. Before he got into the boat, he went down to take leave of Pricket, who entreated him to remain in the ship; but the carpenter said he believed that they would soon be taken on board again, as

CUT ADRIFT

there was no one left who knew enough to bring the ship home; and that he was determined not to desert the master. He thought the boat would be kept in tow; but, if they should be parted, he begged Pricket to leave some token for them if he should reach Digges's Cape first. They then took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, and the carpenter went into the boat, taking a musket and some powder and shot, an iron

pot, a small quantity of meal, and other provisions. Hudson's son and six of the men were also put into the boat. The sails were now hoisted, and they stood eastward with a fair wind, dragging the shallop from the stern; and in a few hours, being clear of the ice, they cut the rope by which the boat was dragged, and soon after lost sight of her forever.

The account here given of the mutiny, is nearly in the words of Pricket, an eyewitness of the event. It is difficult at first to perceive the whole enormity of the crime. The more we reflect upon it, the blacker it appears. Scarcely a circumstance is wanting, that could add to the baseness of the villany, or the horror of the suffering inflicted. The principal conspirators were men who were bound to Hudson by long friendship, by lasting obligations, and by common interests, adventures and sufferings. Juet had sailed with him on two of his former voyages, and had shared in the glory of his discoveries. Greene had been received into his house, when abandoned even by his own mother; had been kindly and hospitably entertained, encouraged to reform, and taken, on Hudson's private responsibility, into a service in which he might gain celebrity and wealth. Wilson had been selected from among the crew, by the approving eye of the commander, and appointed to a place of trust and honor. Yet these men conspired to murder their benefactor, and instigated the crew to join in their execrable scheme.

Not contented with the destruction of their

commander, that nothing might be wanting to fill up the measure of their wickedness, they formed the horrible plan of destroying, at the same time, all of their companions whom sickness and suffering had rendered a helpless and unresisting prey to their cruelty. The manner of effecting this massacre was worthy of the authors of such a plot. To have killed their unhappy victims outright would have been comparatively merciful; but a long, lingering, and painful death was chosen for them. The imagination turns with intense and fearful interest to the scene. The form of the commander is before us, bound hand and foot, condescending to no supplication to the mutineers, but calling in vain for assistance from those who would gladly have helped him, but who were overpowered by numbers, or disabled by sickness. The cry of the suffering and dying rings in our ears, as they are dragged from their beds, to be exposed to the inclemencies of the ice-covered sea in an open boat. Among them appears the young son of Hudson, whose tender years can wake no compassion in the cold-blooded murderers.[3]

We refrain from following them, even in fancy, through their sufferings after they are separated from the ship; their days and nights of agony, their cry of distress, and the frenzy of starvation, their hopes of relief defeated, their despair,

3. It is impossible to tell very much about this young son of Henry Hudson. In some accounts he is said to be but a lad of seven years old, but as he appears in the journal of the voyage as a sailor, it is probable that he was much older. He had accompanied his father on two of his earlier voyages and possibly on the third.

and their raving as death comes on. Over these awful scenes the hand of God has hung a veil, which hides them from us forever. Let us not seek to penetrate, even in imagination, the terrors which it conceals.

How far Pricket's account, in regard to the course pursued by Hudson, is worthy of confidence, must be left to conjecture. It should be remembered, however, that Pricket was not free from the suspicion of having been in some degree implicated in the conspiracy, and that his narrative was designed in part as a vindication of himself. The indiscreet severity charged upon Hudson, and the hasty temper he is represented to have shown, in embroiling himself with his men, for apparently trifling reasons, are not consistent with the moderation, good sense, and equanimity, with which his conduct had been marked in all his preceding voyages. It is moreover hardly credible, that, knowing as he did the mutinous spirit of some of the crew, he should so rashly inflame this spirit, at a time when he was surrounded by imminent dangers, and when his safety depended on the united support of all the men under his command. Hence, whatever reliance may be placed on the veracity of Pricket, it is due to the memory of Hudson not to overlook the circumstances by which his pen may have been biased.

When Hudson and the men were deposited in the boat, the mutineers busied themselves with breaking open chests and pillaging the ship. They found in the cabin a considerable quan-

tity of biscuit, and a butt of beer; and there were a few pieces of pork, some meal, and a half bushel of peas in the hold. These supplies were enough to save them from immediate starvation; and they expected to find plenty of game at Digges's Cape.

Henry Greene was appointed commander, though evidently too ignorant for the place. It

SAVAGES ON THE SHORE

was a full month before they could find their way to the Strait, which leads out of the great Bay in which they had wintered. Part of this time they were detained by the ice; but several days were spent in searching for the passage into Davis's Strait. During this time they landed often, and sometimes succeeded in catching a few fish or wild fowl; but supplied their wants principally by gathering the cockle-grass,

which was growing in abundance on every part of the shore. They arrived within sight of Digges's Cape about the last of July, and immediately sent the boat on shore for provisions. The men who landed found considerable quantities of game, as it was a place where the wild fowl breed. There were great numbers of savages about the shore, who appeared very friendly, and testified their joy by lively gestures.

The next day Henry Greene went ashore, accompanied by Wilson, Thomas, Perse, Moter, and Pricket. The last was left in the boat, which was made fast to a large rock, and the others went on shore in search of provisions. While some of the men were busy in gathering sorrel from the rocks, and Greene was surrounded by the natives, with whom he was trading, Pricket, who was lying in the stern of the boat, observed one of the savages coming in at the bows. Pricket made signs to him to keep off; and while he was thus occupied, another savage stole round behind him. Pricket suddenly saw the leg and foot of a man by him, and looking up, perceived a savage with a knife in his hand, aiming a blow at him. He prevented the wound from being fatal, by raising his arm and warding off the blow; but was still severely cut. Springing up, he grappled with the savage, and drawing his dagger, at length put him to death.

In the meantime, Greene and the others were assaulted by the savages on shore, and with difficulty reached the boat, all of them wounded

except Perse and Moter. The latter saved his life by plunging into the water, and catching hold of the stern of the boat. No sooner had they pushed off, than the savages let fly a shower of arrows, which killed Greene outright, and mortally wounded some of the others, among them Perse, who had hitherto escaped. Perse and Moter began to row toward the ship, but Perse soon fainted, and Moter was left to manage the boat alone, as he had escaped unwounded. The body of Greene was thrown immediately into the sea. Wilson and Thomas died that day in great torture, and Perse two days afterwards.

The remainder of the crew were glad to depart from the scene of this fatal combat, and immediately set sail, with the intention of reaching Ireland as soon as possible. While they were in the Strait, they managed to kill a few wild fowl occasionally; but the supply was so small, that they were obliged to limit the crew to half a fowl a day, which they cooked with meal; but this soon failed, and they were forced to devour the candles. The cook fried the bones of the fowls in tallow, and mixed this mess with vinegar, which, says Pricket, was "a great daintie."

Before they reached Ireland, they were so weakened, that they were forced to sit at the helm to steer, as no one among them was able to stand. Just before they came in sight of land, Juet died of want, thus meeting the very fate, to avoid which he had murdered his com-

mander and friend. The men were now in utter despair. Only one fowl was left for their subsistence, and another day would be their last. They abandoned all care of the vessel, and prepared to meet their fate, when the joyful cry of "a sail," was heard. It proved to be a fishing vessel, which took them into a harbor in Ireland, from which they hired a pilot to take them to England; where they all arrived in safety, after an absence of a year and five months.

THE ARICKARA INDIANS[1]

WASHINGTON IRVING

HE village of the Rikaras,[2] Arickaras, or Ricarees, for the name is thus variously written, is between the 46th and 47th parallels of north latitude, and fourteen hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of the Missouri.[3] The party reached it about ten o'clock in the morning, but landed on the opposite side of the river, where they spread out their baggage and effects to dry. From hence they commanded an excellent view of the village. It was divided into two portions, about eighty yards apart, being inhabited by two distinct bands. The whole extended about three quarters of a mile along the river bank, and was composed of conical lodges, that looked like so many small hillocks, being wooden frames intertwined with osier, and covered with earth. The plain beyond the village swept up into hills of considerable height, but the whole country was nearly destitute of trees.

While they were regarding the village, they

1. This description is taken from Irving's *Astoria*, an account of early explorations in the Northwest, undertaken under the management of John Jacob Astor.

2. The Arickaras, or Rees as they are now sometimes called, are reduced to a few hundred persons who are, with the Mandans and other Indians, on a reservation in North Dakota.

3. This would place the village somewhere near the present site of Bismarck, North Dakota.

beheld a singular fleet coming down the river. It consisted of a number of canoes, each made of a single buffalo hide stretched on sticks, so as to form a kind of circular trough. Each one was navigated by a single squaw, who knelt in the bottom and paddled, towing after her frail bark a bundle of floating wood intended for firing. This kind of canoe is in frequent use among the Indians; the buffalo hide being readily made up into a bundle and transported on horseback; it is very serviceable in conveying baggage across the rivers.

The great numbers of horses grazing around the village, and scattered over the neighboring hills and valleys, bespoke the equestrian habits of the Arickaras, who are admirable horsemen. Indeed, in the number of his horses consists the wealth of an Indian of the prairies; who resembles an Arab in his passion for this noble animal, and in his adroitness in the management of it.

After a time, the voice of the sovereign chief, "the Left-handed," was heard across the river, announcing that the council lodge was preparing and inviting the white men to come over. The river was half a mile in width, yet every word uttered by the chieftain was heard; this may be partly attributed to the distinct manner in which every syllable of the compound words in the Indian language is articulated and accented; but in truth, a savage warrior might often rival Achilles himself for force of lungs.

The explorers landed amid a rabble crowd, and were received on the bank by the left-handed

chief, who conducted them into the village with grave courtesy; driving to the right and left the swarms of old squaws, imp-like boys, and vagabond dogs, with which the place abounded. They wound their way between the cabins, which looked like dirt-heaps huddled together without any plan, and surrounded by old palisades; all filthy in the extreme, and redolent of villainous smells.

At length they arrived at the council lodge. It was somewhat spacious, and formed of four forked trunks of trees placed upright, supporting cross-beams and a frame of poles interwoven with osiers, and the whole covered with earth. A hole sunken in the centre formed the fireplace, and immediately above was a circular hole in the apex of the lodge, to let out the smoke and let in the daylight. Around the lodge were recesses for sleeping, like the berths on board ships, screened from view by curtains of dressed skins. At the upper end of the lodge was a kind of hunting and warlike trophy, consisting of two buffalo heads garishly painted, surmounted by shields, bows, quivers of arrows, and other weapons.

On entering the lodge the chief pointed to mats or cushions which had been placed around for the strangers, and on which they seated themselves, while he placed himself on a kind of stool. An old man then came forward with the pipe of peace or good-fellowship, lighted and handed it to the chief, and then falling back, squatted himself near the door. The pipe was passed from mouth to mouth, each one taking a whiff,

which is equivalent to the inviolable pledge of faith, of taking salt together among the ancient Britons. The chief then made a sign to the old pipe-bearer, who seemed to fill, likewise, the station of herald, seneschal, and public crier, for he ascended to the top of the lodge to make proclamation. Here he took his post beside the aperture for the emission of smoke and the admission of light; the chief dictated from within what he was to proclaim, and he bawled it forth with a force of lungs that resounded over all the village. In this way he summoned the warriors and great men to council; every now and then reporting progress to his chief through the hole in the roof.

In a little while the braves and sages began to enter one by one as their names were called or announced, emerging from under the buffalo robe suspended over the entrance instead of a door, stalking across the lodge to the skins placed on the floor, and crouching down on them in silence. In this way twenty entered and took their seats, forming an assemblage worthy of the pencil; for the Arickaras are a noble race of men, large and well formed, and maintain a savage grandeur and gravity of demeanor in their solemn ceremonials.

All being seated, the old seneschal prepared the pipe of ceremony or council, and having lit it, handed it to the chief. He inhaled the sacred smoke, gave a puff upward to the heaven, then downward to the earth, then toward the east; after this it was as usual passed from mouth to

mouth, each holding it respectfully until his neighbor had taken several whiffs; and now the grand council was considered as opened in due form.

The chief made an harangue welcoming the white men to his village, and expressing his happiness in taking them by the hand as friends; but at the same time complaining of the poverty of himself and his people; the usual prelude among Indians to begging or hard bargaining.

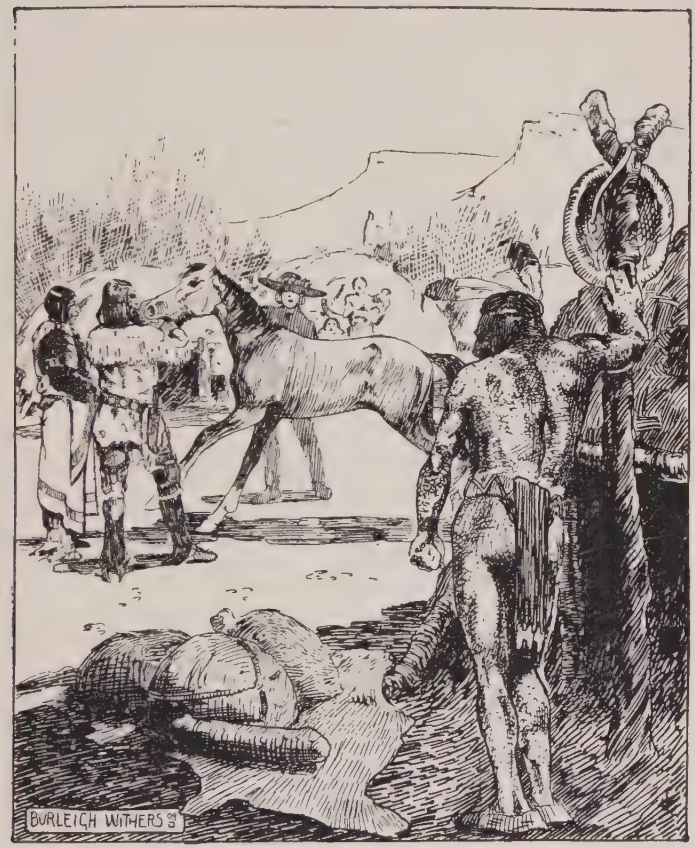
Mr. Hunt then spoke, declaring the object of his journey to the great Salt Lake beyond the mountains, and that he should want horses for the purpose, for which he was ready to trade, having brought with him plenty of goods. He concluded his speech by making presents of tobacco.

The left-handed chieftain in reply promised his friendship and aid to the new-comers, and welcomed them to his village. He added that they had not the number of horses to spare that Mr. Hunt required, and expressed a doubt whether they should be able to part with any. Upon this, another chieftain, called Gray Eyes, made a speech, and declared that they could readily supply Mr. Hunt with all the horses he might want, since, if they had not enough in the village, they could easily steal more. This honest expedient immediately removed the main difficulty; but the chief deferred all trading for a day or two, until he should have time to consult with his subordinate chiefs, as to market rates; for the principal chief of a village, in conjunction

with his council, usually fixes the prices at which articles shall be bought and sold, and to them the village must conform.

The council now broke up. Mr. Hunt transferred his camp across the river at a little distance below the village, and the left-handed chief placed some of his warriors as a guard to prevent the intrusion of any of his people. The camp was pitched on the river bank just above the boats. The tents, and the men wrapped in their blankets and bivouacking on skins in the open air, surrounded the baggage at night. Four sentinels also kept watch within sight of each other outside of the camp until midnight, when they were relieved by four others who mounted guard until daylight.

A trade now commenced with the Arickaras under the regulation and supervision of their two chieftains. Mr. Hunt established his mart in the lodge of the Big Man. The village soon presented the appearance of a busy fair; and as horses were in demand, the purlieus and the adjacent plain were like the vicinity of a Tartar encampment; horses were put through all paces, and horsemen were careering about with that dexterity and grace for which the Arickaras are noted. As soon as a horse was purchased, his tail was cropped, a sure mode of distinguishing him from the horses of the tribe; for the Indians disdain to practice this absurd, barbarous, and indecent mutilation, invented by some mean and vulgar mind, insensible to the merit and perfections of the animal. On the contrary, the



TRADING FOR HORSES

Indian horses are suffered to remain in every respect the superb and beautiful animals which nature formed them.

The wealth of an Indian of the far west consists principally in his horses, of which each chief and warrior possesses a great number, so that the plains about an Indian village or encamp-

ment are covered with them. These form objects of traffic or objects of depredation, and in this way pass from tribe to tribe over great tracts of country. The horses owned by the Arickaras are, for the most part, of the wild stock of the prairies; some, however, had been obtained from the Poncas, Pawnees, and other tribes to the southwest, who had stolen them from the Spaniards in the course of horse-stealing expeditions into the Mexican territories. These were to be known by being branded, a Spanish mode of marking horses not practised by the Indians.

As the Arickaras were meditating another expedition against their enemies the Sioux, the articles of traffic most in demand were guns, tomahawks, scalping-knives, powder, ball, and other munitions of war. The price of a horse, as regulated by the chiefs, was commonly ten dollars' worth of goods at first cost. To supply the demand thus suddenly created, parties of young men and braves had sallied forth on expeditions to steal horses; a species of service among the Indians which takes precedence of hunting, and is considered a department of honorable warfare.

While the leaders of the expedition were actively engaged in preparing for the approaching journey, those who had accompanied it for curiosity or amusement, found ample matter for observation in the village and its inhabitants. Wherever they went they were kindly entertained. If they entered a lodge, the buffalo robe was

spread before the fire for them to sit down; the pipe was brought, and while the master of the lodge conversed with his guests, the squaw put the earthen vessel over the fire, well filled with dried buffalo meat and pounded corn; for the Indian in his native state, before he has mingled much with white men, and acquired their sordid habits, has the hospitality of the Arab: never does a stranger enter his door without having food placed before him; and never is the food thus furnished made a matter of traffic.

The life of an Indian when at home in his village is a life of indolence and amusement. To the woman is consigned the labors of the household and the field; she arranges the lodge; brings wood for the fire; cooks; jerks venison and buffalo meat; dresses the skins of the animals killed in the chase; cultivates the little patch of maize, pumpkins, and pulse, which furnishes a great part of their provisions. Their time for repose and recreation is at sunset, when, the labors of the day being ended, they gather together to amuse themselves with petty games, or hold gossiping convocations on the tops of their lodges.

As to the Indian, he is a game animal, not to be degraded by useful or menial toil. It is enough that he exposes himself to the hardships of the chase and the perils of war; that he brings home food for his family, and watches and fights for its protection. Everything else is beneath his attention. When at home he attends only to his weapons and his horses, preparing the

means of future exploit. Or he engages with his comrades in games of dexterity, agility and strength; or in gambling games in which everything is put at hazard, with a recklessness seldom witnessed in civilized life.

A great part of the idle leisure of the Indians when at home is passed in groups, squatted together on the bank of a river, on the top of a mound on the prairie, or on the roof of one of their earth-covered lodges, talking over the news of the day, the affairs of the tribe, the events and exploits of their last hunting or fighting expedition; or listening to the stories of old times told by some veteran chronicler; resembling a group of our village quidnuncs and politicians, listening to the prosings of some superannuated oracle, or discussing the contents of an ancient newspaper.

As to the Indian women, they are far from complaining of their lot. On the contrary, they would despise their husbands could they stoop to any menial office, and would think it conveyed an imputation upon their own conduct. It is the worst insult one virago can cast upon another in a moment of altercation. "Infamous woman!" will she cry, "I have seen your husband carrying wood into his lodge to make the fire. Where was his squaw that he should be obliged to make a woman of himself?"

Mr. Hunt and his fellow-travellers had not been many days at the Arickara village, when rumors began to circulate that the Sioux had followed them up, and that a war party, four or

five hundred in number, were lurking somewhere in the neighborhood. These rumors produced much embarrassment in the camp. The white hunters were deterred from venturing forth in quest of game, neither did the leaders think it proper to expose them to such risk. The Arickaras, too, who had suffered greatly in their wars with this cruel and ferocious tribe, were roused to increased vigilance, and stationed mounted scouts upon the neighboring hills. This, however, is a general precaution among the tribes of the prairies. Those immense plains present a horizon like the ocean, so that any object of importance can be descried afar, and information communicated to a great distance. The scouts are stationed on the hills, therefore, to look out both for game and for enemies, and are, in a manner, living telegraphs conveying their intelligence by concerted signs. If they wish to give notice of a herd of buffalo in the plain beyond, they gallop backward and forward abreast, on the summit of the hill. If they perceive an enemy at hand, they gallop to and fro, crossing each other; at sight of which the whole village flies to arms.

Such an alarm was given in the afternoon of the 15th. Four scouts were seen crossing and recrossing each other at full gallop, on the summit of a hill about two miles distant down the river. The cry was up that the Sioux were coming. In an instant the village was in an uproar. Men, women, and children were all brawling and shouting; dogs barking, yelping, and howl-

ing. Some of the warriors ran for the horses to gather and drive them in from the prairie, some for their weapons. As fast as they could arm and equip they sallied forth; some on horseback, some on foot; some hastily arrayed in their war dress, with coronets of fluttering feathers, and their bodies smeared with paint; others naked and only furnished with the weapons they had snatched up. The women and children gathered on the tops of the lodges and heightened the confusion of the scene by their vociferation. Old men who could no longer bear arms took similar stations, and harangued the warriors as they passed, exhorting them to valorous deeds. Some of the veterans took arms themselves, and sallied forth with tottering steps. In this way, the savage chivalry of the village to the number of five hundred, poured forth, helter-skelter, riding and running, with hideous yells and war-whoops, like so many bedlamites or demoniacs let loose.

After a while the tide of war rolled back, but with far less uproar. Either it had been a false alarm, or the enemy had retreated on finding themselves discovered, and quiet was restored to the village. The white hunters continuing to be fearful of ranging this dangerous neighborhood, fresh provisions began to be scarce in the camp. As a substitute, therefore, for venison and buffalo meat, the travellers had to purchase a number of dogs to be shot and cooked for the supply of the camp. Fortunately, however chary the Indians might be of their horses,

they were liberal of their dogs. In fact, these animals swarm about an Indian village as they do about a Turkish town. Not a family but has two or three dozen belonging to it of all sizes and colors; some, of a superior breed, are used for hunting; others, to draw the sledge, while others, of a mongrel breed, and idle vagabond nature, are fattened for food. They are supposed to be descended from the wolf, and retain something of his savage but cowardly temper, howling rather than barking; showing their teeth and snarling on the slightest provocation, but sneaking away on the least attack.

The excitement of the village continued from day to day. On the day following the alarm just mentioned, several parties arrived from different directions, and were met and conducted by some of the braves to the council lodge, where they reported the events and success of their expeditions, whether of war or hunting; which news was afterward promulgated throughout the village, by certain old men who acted as heralds or town criers. Among the parties which arrived was one that had been among the Snake nation stealing horses, and returned crowned with success. As they passed in triumph through the village they were cheered by the men, women, and children, collected as usual on the tops of the lodges, and were exhorted by the Nestors of the village to be generous in their dealings with the white men.

The evening was spent in feasting and rejoicing among the relations of the successful

warriors; but sounds of grief and wailing were heard from the hills adjacent to the village: the lamentations of women who had lost some relative in the foray.

An Indian village is subject to continual agitations and excitements. The next day arrived a deputation of braves from the Cheyenne or Shienne nation; a broken tribe, cut up, like the Arickaras, by wars with the Sioux, and driven to take refuge among the Black Hills, near the sources of the Cheyenne River, from which they derive their name. One of these deputies was magnificently arrayed in a buffalo robe, on which various figures were fancifully embroidered with split quills dyed red and yellow; and the whole was fringed with the slender hoofs of young fawns, and rattled as he walked.

The arrival of this deputation was the signal for another of those ceremonies which occupy so much of Indian life; for no being is more courtly and punctilious, and more observing of etiquette and formality than an American savage.

The object of the deputation was to give notice of an intended visit of the Shienne (or Cheyenne) tribe to the Arickara village in the course of fifteen days. To this visit Mr. Hunt looked forward, to procure additional horses for his journey; all his bargaining being ineffectual in obtaining a sufficient supply from the Arickaras. Indeed nothing could prevail upon the latter to part with their prime horses, which had been trained to buffalo hunting.

On the 9th of July, just before daybreak, a

great noise and vociferation was heard in the village. This being the usual Indian hour of attack and surprise, and the Sioux being known to be in the neighborhood, the camp was instantly on the alert. As the day broke Indians were descried in considerable numbers on the bluffs, three or four miles down the river. The noise and agitation in the village continued. The tops of the lodges were crowded with the inhabitants, all earnestly looking toward the hills, and keeping up a vehement chattering. Presently an Indian warrior galloped past the camp toward the village, and in a little while the legions began to pour forth.

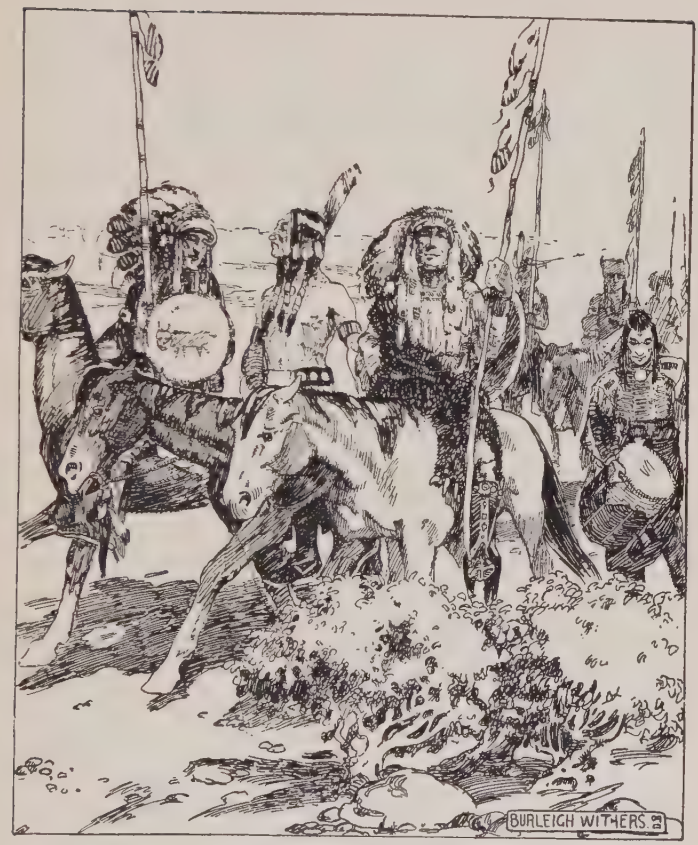
The truth of the matter was now ascertained. The Indians upon the distant hills were three hundred Arickara braves returning from a foray. They had met the war party of Sioux who had been so long hovering about the neighborhood, had fought them the day before, killed several, and defeated the rest with the loss of but two or three of their own men and about a dozen wounded; and they were now halting at a distance until their comrades in the village should come forth to meet them, and swell the parade of their triumphal entry. The warrior who had galloped past the camp was the leader of the party hastening home to give tidings of his victory.

Preparations were now made for this great martial ceremony. All the finery and equipments of the warriors were sent forth to them, that they might appear to the greatest advantage. Those, too, who had remained at home,

tasked their wardrobes and toilets to do honor to the procession.

The Arickaras generally go naked, but, like all savages, they have their gala dress, of which they are not a little vain. This usually consists of a gray surcoat and leggins of the dressed skin of the antelope, resembling chamois leather, and embroidered with porcupine quills brilliantly dyed. A buffalo robe is thrown over the right shoulder, and across the left is slung a quiver of arrows. They wear gay coronets of plumes, particularly those of the swan; but the feathers of the black eagle are considered the most worthy, being a sacred bird among the Indian warriors. He who has killed an enemy in his own land is entitled to drag at his heels a fox-skin attached to each moccasin; and he who has slain a grizzly bear wears a necklace of his claws, the most glorious trophy that a hunter can exhibit.

An Indian toilet is an operation of some toil and trouble; the warrior often has to paint himself from head to foot, and is extremely capricious and difficult to please, as to the hideous distribution of streaks and colors. A great part of the morning, therefore, passed away before there were any signs of the distant pageant. In the mean time a profound stillness reigned over the village. Most of the inhabitants had gone forth; others remained in mute expectation. All sports and occupations were suspended, excepting that in the lodges the painstaking squaws were silently busied in preparing the repasts for the warriors.



THE RETURN OF THE WARRIORS

It was near noon that a mingled sound of voices and rude music, faintly heard from a distance, gave notice that the procession was on the march. The old men and such of the squaws as could leave their employments hastened forth to meet it. In a little while it emerged from behind a hill, and had a wild and pictur-

esque appearance as it came moving over the summit in measured step, and to the cadence of songs and savage instruments; the warlike standards and trophies flaunting aloft, and the feathers, and paint, and silver ornaments of the warriors glaring and glittering in the sunshine.

The pageant had really something chivalrous in its arrangement. The Arickaras are divided into several bands, each bearing the name of some animal or bird, as the buffalo, the bear, the dog, the pheasant. The present party consisted of four of these bands, one of which was the dog, the most esteemed in war, being composed of young men under thirty, and noted for prowess. It is engaged on the most desperate occasions. The bands marched in separate bodies under their several leaders. The warriors on foot came first, in platoons of ten or twelve abreast; then the horsemen. Each band bore as an ensign a spear or bow decorated with beads, porcupine quills and painted feathers. Each bore its trophies of scalps, elevated on poles, their long black locks streaming in the wind. Each was accompanied by its rude music and minstrelsy. In this way the procession extended nearly a quarter of a mile. The warriors were variously armed, some few with guns, others with bows and arrows, and war clubs; all had shields of buffalo hide, a kind of defence generally used by the Indians of the open prairies, who have not the covert of trees and forests to protect them. They were painted in the most savage style. Some had the stamp of

a red hand across their mouths, a sign that they had drunk the life-blood of a foe!

As they drew near to the village the old men and the women began to meet them, and now a scene ensued that proved the fallacy of the old fable of Indian apathy and stoicism. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters met with the most rapturous expressions of joy; while wailings and lamentations were heard from the relatives of the killed and wounded. The procession, however, continued on with slow and measured step, in cadence to the solemn chant, and the warriors maintained their fixed and stern demeanor.

Between two of the principal chiefs rode a young warrior who had distinguished himself in the battle. He was severely wounded, so as with difficulty to keep on his horse; but he preserved a serene and steadfast countenance, as if perfectly unharmed. His mother had heard of his condition. She broke through the throng, and rushing up, threw her arms around him and wept aloud. He kept up the spirit and demeanor of a warrior to the last, but expired shortly after he had reached his home.

The village was now a scene of the utmost festivity and triumph. The banners, and trophies, and scalps, and painted shields were elevated on poles near the lodges. There were war-feasts and scalp-dances, with warlike songs and savage music; all the inhabitants were arrayed in their festal dresses; while the old heralds went round from lodge to lodge, pro-

mulgating with loud voices the events of the battle and the exploits of the various warriors.

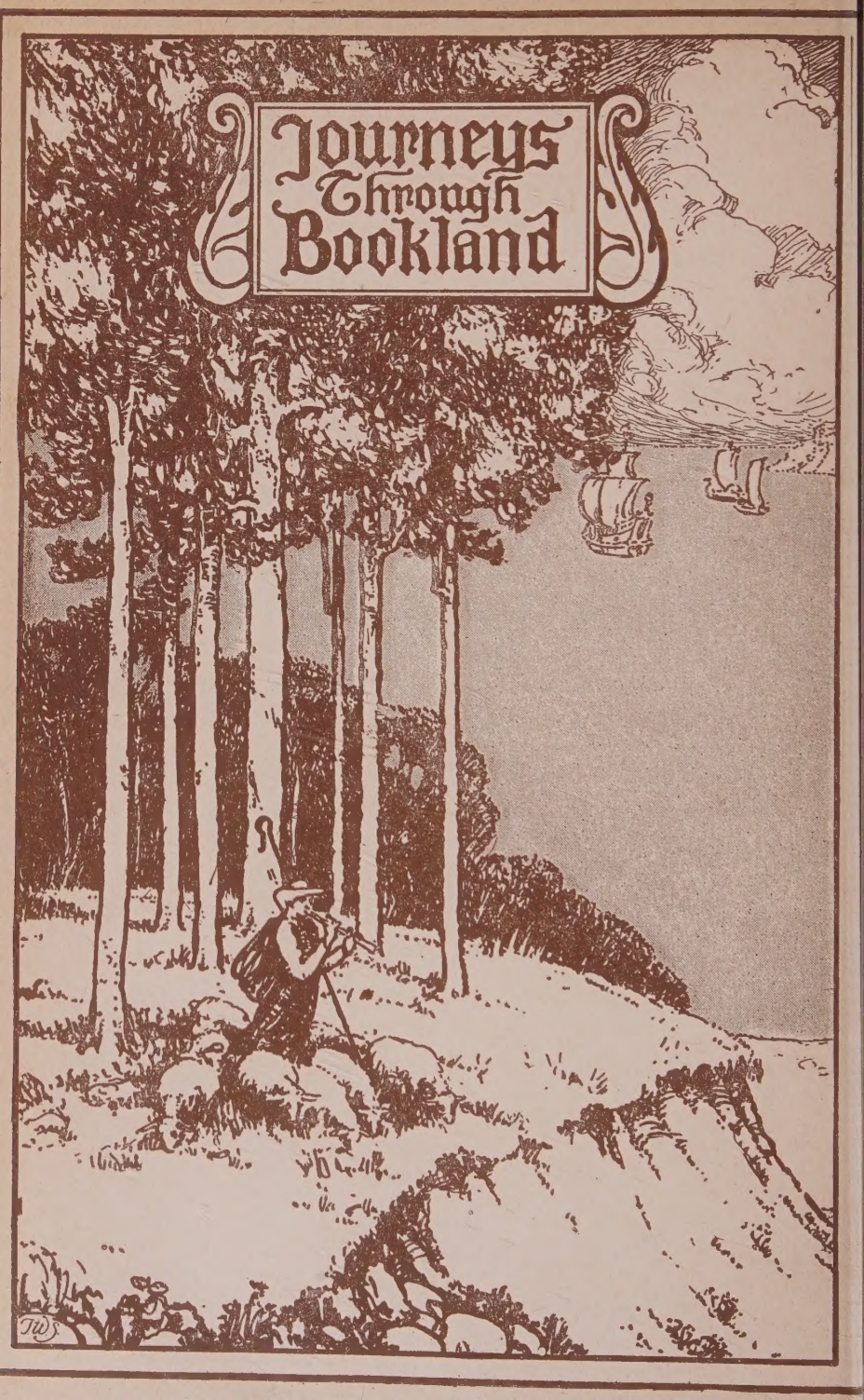
Such was the boisterous revelry of the village; but sounds of another kind were heard on the surrounding hills; piteous wailings of the women, who had retired thither to mourn in darkness and solitude for those who had fallen in battle. There the poor mother of the youthful warrior who had returned home in triumph but to die, gave full vent to the anguish of a mother's heart. How much does this custom among the Indian women of repairing to the hill tops in the night, and pouring forth their wailings for the dead, call to mind the beautiful and affecting passage of Scripture, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE,—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* the sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü*, and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

ACHILLES, *a kil′ leez*
AGINCOURT, *aj′ in kort*, or *ah zhaN koor′*
ÆNEAS, *e ne′ as*
ÆNEID, *e ne′ id*
ANCHISES, *an ki′ seez*
APOLLYON, *a pol′ le on*, or *a pol′ yun*
BEULAH, *bu′ lah*
BŒOTIA, *be o′ shia*
BOIS GUILBERT, *bwah geel bayr′*
CAERLEON, *kahr le′ on*
CALCHAS, *kal′ kas*
CALYPSO, *ka lip′ so*
CEDRIC, *ked′ rick*, or *sed′ rick*
CHARYBDIS, *ka rib′ dis*
CHEYENNE, *shi en′*
CIRCE, *sur′ see*
CYCLOPS, *si′ klops*
DEÏPHOBUS, *de·if′ o bus*
EURYMACHUS, *u rim′ a kus*
FRONT-DE-BŒUF, *froN de buf′*
FROUDE, *frood*
GALAHAD, *gal′ a had*

GUINEVERE, *gwin′ e veer*
HECUBA, *hek′ u ba*
HOUYHNHNMS, *hoo′ in ·ms*
ILIAD, *il′ e ad*
IPHIGENIA, *if i jee ni′ ah*
LEIODES, *le o′ deez*
LAOCOÖN, *lay ok′ o on*
MYCENÆ, *mi see′ nee*
ODYSSEY, *od′ i se*
ORION, *o ri′ on*
PATROCLUS, *pa tro′ clus*
PENELOPE, *pe nel′ o pe*
PHŒBUS, *fe′ bus*
POITIERS, *pwaht·ya′*
SEINE, *sayn*
TELEMACHUS, *te lem′ a kus*
THYMOETES, *thy mee′ teez*


Journeys
Through
Bookland